

The Hospital, also said there was no down thing  
Q List 19 they Found wrong with me,  
they all believed all of it was normal.

I don't have any negative thoughts  
so much to really speak of, because  
my state of mind is not that negatively  
affected. Depression presents symptoms of  
negative thoughts rooted from built up  
stress from prolonged anxiety on certain  
subjects that caused varying amounts of  
traumas in the past life. That along  
years of persistent Verbal Cognitive therapy.  
Rather how it sounds 'negative' can show  
or shed light, so that Resolution can be found  
or better understood about the problems.  
To me, like it was for others, have benefited  
for talking about anything that bothered before  
it ever again brews into explosive behavior  
due to suppressed feelings and inability to  
discuss concerns or anything that caused  
the problem the source in the first place.  
I swear momma through guided word of  
a Therapist to direct us about how to improve  
on our relationships and chances of communications  
became even with ups & downs, our one on one  
talk cognitive therapy regardless of who  
got brought down; more like it made me  
better able to confront the traumas instead  
of what brought on the madness & anger  
toward the past incident in the time since  
the last five years. Not opening up or vent  
on these various issues encouraged rage  
and frustration. When if you recall leaving the  
Behavioral Hospital, said my underlying problem  
just environmental causing me to 'respond to it' as  
→ (normal.)



NO Egg Shedding cycles, NO major Problems ahead.  
Apparently Hormones can be Reprogrammed to ignore eggs.

FOOT NOTE: I just recalled an interesting  
Notion that when I last considerably  
concerned, about what was the presented case;  
I was informed that there wasn't any  
farther evidence that I was shedding  
anymore excess eggs directly related to  
the specific question I asked. He reached  
this question back to me after I've gotten  
closer to completing my last prescribed  
treatment that I hadn't shed any more  
excess, besides what ever else I  
discreted of any unrelated factors. I  
said no, as he last told me. He made  
his words about hormones, as I've been  
noticing, he's yet to say a word about  
anything on eggs. The clear or white  
substance was just more at hormones  
concluded by nurses as well. I figure after  
that regimen, my body may not be still producing  
eggs, just as he said it, "were <sup>(just)</sup> still dealing with  
the Hormones." His Quote.

This isn't a lie, but a personal  
educated conclusive answer.



Our Counselling seems to apply or bring some help  
I can receive from it in progression. -Thank you

I just wanted to avoid having my mental & physical state go south. I strongly wished he didn't just regulate me knowing from past attempts weren't promising lasting only a few weeks to a couple of months at the most and even lacking any hope at all or relief. I believe it was built into the first prescription he gave me than the second, to cause the expected effects as he must have been aiming for. The second one that was lastly prescribed wasn't the same kind he choose, so I was the one who admittedly thought to have picked it out. Obviously by choosing that one, I didn't get any further benefit from it. The first three & half months was it and then when, I started noticing & feeling the 'Change' immediately. Reminiscing or have flash backs is nerveing and causes some tension in my body, but I have to face the consequences and of what had to be administered, so that possibly I have any chance to cope and accept the circumstances. Our talks on this I ever related on was gaining understanding and forgive him for any misjudgements.

I am worried about how in this world and I going to finally properly turn out after June rolls by, as he said. I promise I swear I pray (I wish) he actually did something to really 'help' me this time. 'in the long-term as I was wanting or needing' not this short-term stuff as what defines simple regulating. Kid & Juvenile 'furnies' get regulated, but adults, should have the option to choose honestly due to major pre-existing circumstances on record.



I'm sorry about the way I feel, but I can't help my moodiness causing an unwieldy amount of inner anxiety.

Changes in my cycle cause me to worry myself to death.

I was very upset and talked almost practically all day when mom was home unfortunately. I was at first about how at the Pandora Bread Shop where I complained about Gwen calling me very unexpectedly, that I was selfish because I bothered to give any attention to Lesiel. She was too flustered concern her sister being terribly ill and awfully skinny. I admit to not actually understanding how serious the condition was and that it really was that bad and traumatic to Gwen's sister and family. I also am saddened of how I won't possibly ever see Gwen ever again after she marries and has a structured family of her own.

When mom got home, I began again talkin, more rambling that I was in a personal state of fear about being harassed, ganged up on, bullied, and intentionally done wrong to by others, my peers, outsiders, overall careless, difficult & disrespect of Society. My parents think since I've placed an emotionally unstable barrier that is made up of or failure to cope well enough to later manage academically or in the world of further education or any future job whatsoever. It was caused by personal doubt that I had or could ever recover or heal my ailments of illness due to stress and hormonal disability that I'd been struggling with for the last five years and the last couple of years being the worst of it, I will get back on my feet by pressing forward not to entirely give up the rest of my future chance to make it. Yes, my mom isn't since I'm capable to holding a job at any time.



physician(s)  
tremors

History  
this? was about incidents  
Back 1 to 2 years ago.

About Stress  
when cl did  
experience  
it over  
time.

Why the heck did they make me wait without actual help or action when cl informed the physicians about my ailment? Just ended up with test and no direct answer. cl am not the only one with that issue as that person also admitted to this. At least 4 years passed and cl suffered emotionally without no end, obviously stressed due to the problem they refused to solve. cl was lost and wished cl had gotten help. cl found cl developed severe PMS, having cycles every 3 weeks out of a month. No wonder my body wouldn't calm down, whether nor my mind could recover or cope. That was abnormal some years since that procedure. cl found also cl needed with the physicians, the right type six '6' month rounds of that 'regulation' balanced my entire biology. That worked better along with talk therapy? So, cl am terribly sorry about those awful unfortunate years, four years cl wished cl could get back. cl should've never gone threw four of hell, without real help or treatment to cure it. cl know that my twenties or anyone else could be bad, but cl deserve some mercy from anyone who could've helped. cl recall it got so bad, cl formed constant tremors at any time, meaning my whole body was under stress from the instability. cl really only got bad during 14-15, then mid-15, started the regimen, and by the next year, cl was a ton better, less stress and began healing. Hormone disorders become serious unless treated and cured. cl kind of think cl may not have a cycle again after this round.



I swear, that deliberately how much better I feel. without that persistance of chemicals in my nervous system. You were right about canning the Nerve Pill, and obviously the Zinc stopped working. I honestly am not (insane), just had some built up terror in my heart about my future, my life, and certainly struggling in school.



Fear lead to anger from frustration that without 'help' I'm gonna fail overtime, anyway and have nothing to look forward to within reason. Do I have a good life? Not without impending frustration from lack of help, understanding, and being properly treated by society as some are ignorant.



That explains why there ends up for me becoming overwhelmed; so that I where I wish outsiders should develop a better cause for aiding people more & more for any disability for certain accomadations so that any person under that program will have a possible gained chance to manage and make it.



notes

(About Dad & cl)

To us, it's not supposed to be  
purposed as a bad thing to  
take certain things seriously.  
No, it's not possible for any  
of us to take anything pass  
certain specific things of  
any serious manner. It's based  
from our individual experienced  
that taught us to seem to take  
these certain matters seriously.  
There had been very unpleasant  
consequences, since various times  
about issues that weren't taken  
seriously, which caused this factor.  
Usually, just in living normally,  
we don't and hardly ever tend to.

RT7-ESFA-LNP

It's also our personal occasional

Fact

Quirk



Some day, she'll  
understand, eventually.

There is an existing apology.  
Please find reason to forgive me.

Cl was talking so much, because mom had said  
cl was 'smart' about a thirty dollar boom box cl  
found with her at an estate sale, so much that  
cl had chose to not keep the device, and let it  
remain downstairs with mom & dad.

That literally set off unwanted anxiety causing  
me to worry about what mom felt and thought  
over that issue over the boom box.

That started memories over flashbacks, since  
the last few months concerning dad and cl  
blaming over our frustration with the loud noise of  
the speakers; clie had for the computer for some  
time, soon relative also to the boom box.

cl had been filled with sorrow before and  
after getting rid of the speakers to be sent  
for Goodwill, due to dad's temperment over  
them, and how cl also made noise dancing  
on the ceiling to the noise, which was non-singing  
instrumental music.

cl is down to running aimlessly in my backyard  
for generic exercise. My music is down to mere  
head phones, sitting in a chair, with not much else.

Yes I at least, today talked continuously responding  
out of worry based for the memories, related to  
my dad involving our conflicts and drag outs. It's  
a fear concentrated anxiety of how I dread of  
why dad is difficult some times.

cl didn't mean upon mom to leak my persistent  
anxious talking into her moment of having her  
breakfast. She immediately complained over it,  
as cl recalled checking on a lone from fish cl  
was finishing in a room during a vacation.



Please understand, I had been personally  
desperate to feel relief, so pray for me.  
(I survived, severe PMS, something to speak of.)

I was early this morning, yelling about at  
mom, over my personal fear of being verbally  
screamed at about the consequences of  
possibly breaking the living room window  
by kicking it in while dancing. I cried out  
that idea was preposterous or not likely  
to happen. I seemed to take an amounting  
thirty minutes of outrage from me, to  
mentally deteriorate over that imagined  
fear that caused enough anxiety to  
release into an outburst.

Later, in the day that passed, I admitted  
to be using an oral herb called Passion Flower,  
I'd thought would resolve the on going  
issue, but it led after a month & a half,  
to unpleasant behavioral results, such as  
constant hyped talking, and yelling over being  
upset so often about nearly ever other thing.  
Problem to face is, I risk not taking  
actual meds or supplements for this disorder  
I've seemed unable to get out of the rat of  
or shake to undo the emotional misery and  
mood swings that honestly have been very  
unpleasant and hurtful.

Mom's view, is that I'm at least having suffered  
the hell of cancer or worse, but my issue was enough.



Here's what happened today,  
& yes I continue to have this  
issue erupting out of me.

I was, after sleeping late due to strange fatigue that became persistent enough to make me so drowsy that I couldn't pick myself up out of bed. That lasted until well after one P.M. I lectured my mom about my uttering heart felt 'fears' over my 'PMDD' symptoms. I seem to be lecturing, since I haven't ever stopped obsessing the fears of my past symptoms of the elements that kept me from mentally progressing or ever being with the world again. PMDD was presented supposedly to be severe PMS. I claimed personally by opportunistic opinion, that it felt like hell in its own form of individual circumstances. My fears of it had plagued my thinking, being so irritating of my other necessary thoughts, causing anxiety, and certainly leading to gradual depression. Those factors have caused lower self esteem at this period. I have no idea for sure if I am over the hormone disorder that caused the horrendous behavioral problems. I felt that my symptoms were like a possible on coming roller-coaster, up 'tempermental', and down 'crashing to lay down'. I swore I couldn't continue to live like that, if I intend to manage. My scared self over inner concerns about my condition may be relieved a little bit if test provided by a M.D. doctor who might care. My medical aid given state insurance is so limited, a doctor my parents want may not be available or able to help. I would quiet down about that possibly if there were any answers through facts and info that is able to be proven. Like, what physical state & mental condition am I at, for the present time. I wished I didn't talk the same subject as if I were stuck, looping my topic, like a broken disturbed record.



My personal Predicament, Please Help me \*

2016 - Beginto 2017

Mom is wary that if my mood swings continue to exist, that could incidentally destroy my family, that makes up Her, my father, with me. If I still have these 'severe' mood swings, they feel I am a threat to them my parents, cause the time during the beginning of this month, they directly told me, they feared me very much. They certainly can't tolerate my screaming over nothing, and having recent overwhelming hostile behavior.

I've noticed decides that, I had medium to persistent discharge each day that only drags on. My moods are highly anxious, causing constant trembling, and moments when I am just crying in tears over anything. It makes it hard to drive well enough, or I feel very restless, and chronic pain occurs at that time, usually each attempt I for ever moment I want to drive. When I simply struggle to settle myself down, I get so shaky and feel unstable.

Other than these circumstances, I always feel so fearful, making me panic that I must constantly, also usually last all or part of 2-3 days a week, each time through one week per '4 weeks' within a month, that I talk and talk, and talk, out of inner fear that if or when I fail to get my thoughts and feelings across, I will go into an attack or immediately, as I have a year ago, start screaming, and having uncontrolled rage over frustration.

Don't seem like the first try to 'regulate' me, worked out.



I had literally been in despair about how I couldn't control my behavior or actions even though I swore to have known the edification and expectedness of how I should behave around guest or other people. I'd already long before now would have controlled, and restrained myself from terrible, and intolerable behavior. It took my total will to think before I act, 'Think before I act', and manage my thoughts and behavior. It was a strong influence preventing me from controlling myself from acting in such a way. I acted against my will, so the reason why I felt so sad about; it even when I nearly don't tend to have unnecessary pity for my issues.

My breast 'boosums' were hurting or sore yesterday. Later, I had cramping that followed.

I had cried due to how I nearly disrupted the holiday meet, having grandma as the guest. I was upset about how I felt over mom's words about my uncle. I wished she could find a conscience way to forgive him.



I was utterly resenting my verbal behavior of raging, as the act was just remaining unreal to think back to. I roared in tears, noticing a redened face, the recalled flashback being more shame than any other of recent incidence the last couple of years ago.

I still feel horrible about that personal stress that I could not undo, correct, or fix 'improve' on my own, without medical or professional help. Only, though, the doctor and nurse could change the mental illness, whether then anything that I was able to do. Why? Cause it, the regimine treatment actually worked.

Years of unresolved symptoms only formed into depression. My parents keep telling me I didn't go through hell, but I contradict that, due to how often and severe it kept happening was. I am fully aware of how different it was to anyone else. I just am distressed about how mom just can't understand it to the measure of how it actually was. I swore I was constantly suffering, becoming more miserable due to it.



You're Right,  
I have been  
nervous & formally  
depressed.

Happy,  
Here's your Answer.  
\* Shakes Head.

I am trying  
to feel better,  
but pills 'Pain reducers'  
are just helping  
& that's all.

I was worried that my cousin was referenced as  
a poor little person, whether she had become fragile  
or weak for several months, and even now, in reality,  
it seems hard to decipher. This is the taller one who  
has the brown hair and eyes, I think, I mean, her  
eyes were brown. She lives in Detroit, Michigan.  
Just not sure how to spell the state's name. I meant,  
Michigan. I thought it was the environment, but I  
found that Mom said her father, who is my uncle,  
was too pushy and rushed to offer for her physical  
body to stand it. Maybe she was used to it mentally  
as that was her life style eventually, being quick  
moving and just going as usual. After the ~~shock~~  
'shock' of cancer, she reversed how her habits were  
developed, changed her diet, and is terribly more  
careful. Mom blamed my uncle for causing part  
of that illness, though I thought he possibly did  
unknowingly. The women don't ever live near their  
parents any way, that possibly to their physical cause  
to an advantage. The last thing, she was house  
shopping as of recent, this year, since the first  
I have heard. She may consider moving later to a  
better more secure place for her improvement of health,  
and people to be around. She wanted last to abandon that  
old job that caused her enough awful stress as it  
and had been.

Oh, my father has an appointment for removal  
of some seal from being over his eye. That is related  
to cataracts, so he needs that to get a chance to have  
somewhat clearer vision, to lessen the blur. I'll try to  
go with him and allow more time to pray for the best  
as he goes through those treatments. I also wish for  
no more apologies towards me from anyone else.



MAY 13, 2017  
5:10 PM SAT.

My Memo  
Final, Answering  
to you'll ABOUT  
WHERE I FEEL I AM

Since the procedure, it has been seven years, not yet a decade, because it was done in mid-2009. That was after I left the U of M from that trial for Spring semester. I recall with true honesty that I certainly was firmly diagnosed with severe hormone imbalance during the period when I was examined, before the procedure was ever done in 09' as a precheck for any preventive measures prior. The doctor informed me surely some three years later afterward that my hormones reacted by being 'rattled' by the past procedure he'd done, due to how it altered the functioning between the hormones and the body, once the sudden cause was immediate that the menstrual cycles or periods had been discontinued. The nurses once told me over the phone that it will last, the fact of no period, for about ten years. Well, it's getting pretty damn close to their prediction, and could possibly be longer.

When my hormones were altered more from that procedure, those chemicals were noticeably worse afterward. The procedure did not cause it, though. Remember, that the strong chemical imbalance that was later causing severe symptoms that was named PMDD, or severe form of PMS, which is the medical reference for that developed condition. Fortunately, I worked with the nurses & doctor to find answers, and over time, finally resolve one of the biggest difficulties I was having at the time.

Since then, I am thankful there could be peace at the end of the lit tunnel. After our conversing about it over the years, I feel there is a glimmer of inner comfort ahead. Whether or not I am 'one-hundred' <sup>100</sup> percent better, I don't know, but I do observe some slow improvements and mental foresighted clarity.



I am sorry that I ever said,  
that Mom feared or couldn't stand  
being around me. I was afraid of  
us not finding away to get along.

Mom directly told me that she was terribly  
tired of me talking about myself as I  
was as scared, to constantly think about myself.  
She also told me that I was upsetting her  
cause of how I kept preventing her from  
thinking or concentrating. She in that issue,  
kept telling me to go away or leave her a  
lone.

I instantly felt rejected and pushed away  
without much mental processing. Now I had  
felt that blaming myself for calling my own  
well being, a devil, because I thought I could  
become a bad person toward her. I am personally  
aware that I am frightened of the very  
thought and concern about having a relapse  
or set back in behavior of my old ways. That  
is the honest reason I keep thinking about and  
talking like this of myself for.

Even though the OBGYN doctor told me that  
after the first six months, I'd be fine and well.  
I am strongly unsure why I had been having  
any vocational doubts about it. I admit to having  
fears since I was a child about nearly every  
situation that I thought could not be controlled.



{ "This is about what I'm having felt  
to inform 'you' on your concern" }

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I was not as if I didn't understand about Mom's feelings. It was just suddenly overwhelming at that moment, that I felt unable to process any appropriate response.

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It's not that I don't seem to care about her feelings, it's that it literally derails my mental functioning to process, causing my unnecessary response. What I only meant to say to her, not out of any way to argue, but to admit I was made insecure about how to think or respond, which was what went through my mind during that time.

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I also felt guilt about how it seemed at that moment that she was not wanting me around, I thought we were getting along again. If only she could figure out that I have problems with processing her tense 'upset' feelings, versus her more settle 'normal' feelings, because it actually 'effects' me.

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From 7 am. - 5 pm.  
Wednesday

Forgive me,  
(know me more,  
Try to Understand

June 28,  
2017

Yesterday, I had a short heavy melt down, around seven P.M. in the late evening. I quickly try to admit I behaved that way, because I was afraid, fearing about how I was going to end up in the coming years. I was also mentioning Mom with her knee problems causing her trouble while walking, relating to mobility. I thought relatively upon how my grandmother was coping with the tree damages and repair plans.

Today, this morning, I expressed my shame and personal regret for acting like that at her face while she had been just sitting in her main chair. Later, I justified about how my soreness had all developed in my peak stomach region of my body. Well, that's when I felt somewhat shocked from what I began hearing. Mom was still somehow remaining based on certain thought or another depending, of one way or expressed concept about how my cousin got colon cancer that had suddenly threatened her life. I was told first that stress had brought down her body through her recent job & occupation. Second, based on my mistake of overdosing on pain pills that were over the counter, made my Mom tell me that possibly like her, my cousin, I could end up with an ulcer or even worse, something similar to her cancer. I temporarily resent the thought of how I failed to discontinue the pill use so often.

I unfortunately began in the later afternoon, felt almost as if I were having similar life relative case of maybe how my personal incidence that had happened to me, caused my illness of menorrhagia, heavy bleeding.



or menstruating every one to two hours of changing menstrual pads, Kotex brand, I literally used Super Sized pads, but size literally didn't matter. The thing about it was how I kept feeling bound to the restroom. I didn't get very far from relating about my past, didn't aid me anywhere well with the conversing. It was always based on incidence of other's life incidents being eventual to only select people of choice to discuss.

Earlier today, I still feel a little regretful on when I did not get or let Mom have her peace or quiet time out on her porch and chair. I kept worrying from fear of oncoming anxiety that still was pestering my mentality and focus on anything else more pleasant thoughts. Yes, these thoughts as of when those dictated my days and ability to simply reason or think clearly. I wished I had also hadn't been so damn blunt at Mom's statements she'd rattle about my Cousin and ideas assumed of how she had contracted cancer. Words discussing major illness causes triggers in my flash backs to somewhat relive that issue and time, as also, how it makes me feel to be awfully ill at a certain time, relative to 'PMDD' as I said in my past memos, of severe PMS. I pray I could ever manage to move on past that memory and somewhat life altering timely duration.

I am also, in depth, apologize to you, about this personal issue and predicament. I said, that I had not been thinking or intending my feelings for myself, but certainly you know the clear answer to that. I admit to lacking a mentor, decides what's there, my parents. Pardon my confusion on the 'toys' also, and thanks.



for Saturday Incident  
of 3 diff. subjects,  
namely one.

DATE 7/15/17  
10:41 PM

I am aware that I had been talking too often about subjects. Three to be honest, which were on the new clock that was said to be from G.D. store, how I tended to sow seeds to the flower pots, and ultimately about my sudden confusion to worry about the Ticks 'tics' insects in our woods, forestry area in the backyard. She, mother told to directly to immediately take a shower after walking outside at play for a hour or so. Usually, I spent one to two hours walking on my personal path in the yard. It's like a track I had made by how often walked that same route in the yard for over time, since I've gotten used to it.

Mom. had told me that I needed to discontinue my 'talks' about it, even though it was a scare for me that the tics posed as an obstacle from my enjoyment of walking in the yard on my path. She claimed to be tired of talking it over to me, but it was me contradicting about how I didn't like it or the idea of showering every time I exercise on my path normally walked. Talk about how I reacted, over certain fear 'had anxiety' over a change in my system of how I have been walking and this actual obligation handed to me. I could later manage, this situation the best as anyone, even though it irritated me.

As since before, my anxieties that were triggered, caused me to be talking persistently out of fear based worry. I wanted to socially walk through my tension over topics that had thrown off my mental processing. Still, I really did feel 'shocked' like she said, about seeing that clock pop in unannounced. I'll try not to be so silent about such incidents. Kind always, to Forgive me, soon.



July 22, 2017  
second Pg.  
More Info.

Please,  
If you  
Listen, Try  
to Hear.

I thought possibly that I were more of my normal self without the hormonal constant fluctuations that caused me so much distress and depression. The most irritating feeling was when I discontinued any medicine I had been taking. That included herbs, pain pills and anything else to attempt to fix a failing resolution to the pain. After already going through the regime with the doctor to regulate my hormones, calming my mental & emotional illness, I had to go through too many raging episodes before ever beginning to recover or heal.

I resented anyway that I had been behaving that way toward my parents for nearly those past years. For almost no reason did I act like this. What I had written about and seem to already know. Yes, certainly I was a confused troubled person for too many years, where I felt only some of it was influenced by hormonal changes.

Please accept these reasoned thoughts as that based on some realistic referencing about my history, as what I could coherently gain from that.



July 22, 2017

If you can  
listen via  
cell phone,  
try to hear.

Earlier today, at Wendy's, I couldn't eat my sandwich. I knew I had gotten too upset about how Mom interpreted my act of being irresponsible. She later told me that as being grown, I didn't always have to be scolded at for careless acts that tend to be the result of being distracted.

Also later, Mom said that she was extremely relieved that my upset/anguished mood had calm down. She said, "It's about time" that my mental relapse of emotional loss of control had finally settle down. I immediately thought her words were a bit harsh as to how she sounded. Well, I am more blessed that any of that had deceased, and am not sure that saying it now is accurate. When I turn old, what then shall I expect?

My instinct seemed to notice consciously that Mom's relationship has improved some differ than what it had been in the past years. Besides any warmth that I had received from Father, it is slight observed with Mom. I don't know if that, lasting with her, either.



July 24, 2017

Manage to find  
away to forgive me

8pm - 8:40pm

This morning, I loudly complained about the six pack nutrition drinks by Equate, were not helping as I thought due to not being the right ingredient mix. Later, the mention of a case of a obese black woman verbally accusing me, ten years ago, over a fifty cent bag of tea. It involved that I was in the act of stealing the bag when earlier that year, it had been essentially free. After her sudden verbal strike on me, I was horribly shaken up, thinking that I might be arrested soon for the minor incident I was caught for, lasting at least, waiting, four hours afterward.

Why did I even attempt to steal? I thought I had become both careless and reckless without much concern for consequences. I found that I had been at least twenty years old during that time. I had this undesirable memory flashback, causing me to lose my sense of realistic rational. This stated by Mom, a very unhappy event in my past. I took this issue so deeply personal. I whined that it may have been due to discrimination. Also, I blamed the other half to my action and lack of thought before that action.

Since I had strongly gotten upset and frustrated, Mom no longer discussed the issue, nor fairly accepted any attempted apology I tried to express about my coming at her, and anguishing her feelings. When she had brought up that event, it triggered my temper and buried sad feelings about it. She got mad at me because of my response.

Mead



July 24, 2017

Consider  
I try to do  
as wanted.

8:40pm - 9:20pm

She told me directly to 'seperate', Mom felt my act in response, was unacceptable, and she hardly behaving with a bad attitude, about my response, could ever understand. I told her later after that, of how I had taken more pain pills for emotional and unnecessary pain. I have an extensive history of pill use without medical guidance. Having known that I had been having a difficult time hearing so much judgement and critical things about me, I haven't done well to cope with how my parents at times speak about me. At this time, it appears to be Mom more than of Dad.

They both maybe could send me away to live, where? I was content to where I was living as I had been a dependent. She wanted to maintain peace for that of her and Dad. Separation still seems to prevent me from ever being able to express my thoughts or feelings openly again. I felt that could cause some build up of emotion and stress from not being able to tell or say about it sooner. My response does express more upset and crying for help without really being aware of what is wrong with me.

Mom said she was 'tired' of me just talking and over feeling about our unneeded conflict about what she stated those incidents, while asking me to avoid any fear there after that past event. Apparently, I am not over those fears due to it having that effect upon my thoughts recalled from it. She declared I go away onward to leave her out of it. Her walls she put up are not easy to resolve.

Mead



9:15 P.M.  
Aug. 18 2017

## LOSS OF TOYS

I didn't mean to deliberately argue to Mom about any incident that I recalled happening to me when I was twelve. When those school teachers and supervisors lectured and demanded Mom to do what they said or else. That was to eliminate at the time, all my existant dinosaurs that represented monsters they thought were poisoning my mind and attention. Yeah, like those were a horrible toxic drug by reference. I recall that they called Mom about it until she anguishly lost it, storming into my room and forcing me to let it 'all' go immediately. She may have thought that might shut them up, but it made the circumstances more hurtful and confusing for me than ever. I had to live with that that on my own conscience for at least twelve more years. I finally got angry and decided to break any promise of rules about that in 2009, many years later.

Now I am fine not to have any excuse to further have an explainable argument over this or how I feel about it anymore today. I literally chose to get rid of them 'all' in sorrowful memory of that incident. So that may actually help me to let go of that time and problem that it 'the dino's' represented.



9:30pm  
Aug. 18 2017

## Family \* Relationship

I've heard Mom say, not in my eyes as exact rambling, to recognize Leisel's Cancer struggle and the terrible anxiety of pain that event caused her while being with her sister, Gwen who was there aiding until full recovering and healing. Unfairly, that happened during a similar time of my mental more so, than physical complication that my 'poor' parents endured. I admit that I am not actually reliving that experience, which is a noticeable, probable improvement. I needed to not think that I could go through any mood altering aggressive set back or relapse.

I literally have prayed that my saddened heart hurt parent find a path of inner mind to really forgive me for all of that predicament. I wished I could help clarify over time that my personality and attitude had changed from what it was prior. I could become someone more of value worth one day spending more moments with, than it once was. They, especially Mom still think I could have a remaining short temper and rude inappropriate attitude. They do know that I still get 'mad' over misunderstandings and not liking what I hear in any conversing. Mom I feel, hates the sensation of walking on verbal egg shells. She can't relax or be settle concerning that issue.



Sept. 21, 2017  
9:35pm: 11:25pm

Some More Continuation of Our Talk,  
Since This Morning

Mom sort of brought up that I discontinued school during my presented grade school, as why I stopped. I was told though, that not to blame my self right away, but to know that there were observed bullying and lack of productive management. Since, on the previous thought, My Mom, especially stated to me that she feared that I get triggered, since some time ago, getting awfully mad at them, parents' words over my fixative wanting of toys that led presently to unwanted, overbearing excessive figurines.

- > I tried to be honest about how I was actually, in probability, mad at the real source of that issue. I can't feel direct emotional conflict at my parents for it, but the female outlandish educators by title, not as I feel, genuine profession. Mom said she could have not responded with to much of anything more to speak to them so often in those unfortunate matters, but felt for the scare due to how much she felt for my progress, and what she thought, need for extended education and development. After hearing this much more on that topic, I found how less mad of their action had effected me due to how that clarifies some gray areas in that incident.
- > She mentioned how the young elementary kids, as it was for me in high school, had piled up, sizable trays of behavioral medicine to make them like lined up tin soldiers. Yeah, kids on those teachers to be more bearable and fairly controllable. She could not just believe what she had seen, which was in that school office. I am at least sure she does not want me to take an oral pills, like those in a while.



Sept. 21, 2017

8:45pm - 1:34pm

What a surprising talk on these type subjects &  
+ My Father's knowing of it.

> First, it began about Mom and I speaking of my past, childhood, incident of letting fire flies out into a room, the living room, of our old house I grew up at. She said, that when I did that, she got very mad, and screamed, bellowing out towards me to get them out of the room, as they also would all die eventually. I expressed to her that I hardly ever anticipated that she would react like that and sensed Mom's upset feelings, not entirely knowing how to get the creatures out of the room altogether as she demanded be dealt with when I just put them in there. She also told me that she tended to be afraid of insects in the home, when they are supposed to be in nature, outside.

> Second, I, as I did with the dinosaurs that I just let go last. Insects that were also small plastic or rubber molds, are not needed to remind me of any unhappy and unpleasant flashbacks of memories I would whether let go with certain circumstantial situations upon my own past childhood. Mom told me directly that she and possibly, father, are afraid 'fear' of making me quite mad from triggered upon at the memory when those female educators thought 'toys' in any form were compared to poison on me as a child. Mom said, it was noted that those women scared her terribly up, from constantly harping over what they thought was an actual problem. She knew, were overly sensitive to unusual cases, where these women, did this to me who was, as I found that I was there for verbal sentence and speech training. She did leave the place over time after getting tired of their attitude and other issues.



Quit calling me a good person, going  
to a place  
like this  
makes that false.

I don't want to make any friends,  
because I don't want them to be  
around a person who has been to a  
behavioral hospital in last five years  
or associate with that person in any  
form. I feel a strong guilt of the  
image that leaves me from that place.  
I don't ever want to go around others  
with that image, which defines me. I also,  
feel that makes me a bad person, so



Placed Hand  
Pencil, @  
7:40pm - 8:30pm  
Sunday 5th, 2017

'Determining the Instance,  
of written, recognition.'  
- Conclude, one day about  
my individual 'Case' 'TY'

- ▶ Mom later, told me that I was beginning to drive her non intentionally insane, whether crazy to express it. How on Earth could I discontinue constantly running my mouth? It's some circumstance that is has kept my focus, as it was at least three days based from a desperate thought of my flu shot. Yes, I guessed that might cause that, but not entirely once.
- ▶ Earlier this noon, Mom reminded how my Grandmother's dolls were three were spoken of, to be passed down to her and then I. I felt, as least to remember Irene, but only when she was alive, yet attaining an inherited and sentimental value, just over how much cost will maintain that personal value to my parent, while learning that on my conscience for Irene, to continue there after, to keep up and follow up after Mom, on proper behalf of her, and her mother. That's the, hopefully distant future, because of the recent situation with the living presence of my Grandmother. Actually, a fourth doll, with a fancy dress and eye appealing look, is one will be decided about, but may just be kept for how ever holds the specific value in that particular figurine. A mild thought, of what I need to figure out from mindful reason, would be accepting what it's concerning, whether of how it's appealing from how that would effect a room, besides any following memories on my mentality from it. Now, about why I ever couldn't stop talking for yesterday, in the morning hours, throughout, I was awfully, for some portion of those days, felt anxiety levels fluctuate, and caused my mood to become lowered, and keep my interest lesser. I had been running around when driving to try coping, but so much would be met to aid my inner panic over my varied prompted worries. Can you scan my hand writing for traces of emotion and expression that describe the genuine details? Yours, as I promise to develop.



That's what I'd said, & live by what happens,  
about how it effects the mind, your sanity,  
& how Mom one day and eventually, the body, your health.  
Could seek to me, as how to seek any of the "idea of any Golden Rule?"

- Mom and I started getting on one another about my idea of a blunt statement I'd made of standing on my head in the Living room of the Home. I was confronted the she might scream at me if I break any valuables in that room. It was a scare disruption at me to prevent my thought of any action that would ruin property. I got scared honestly inside, actually believing her words as a shock from what I expected to hear her really say. I had been anxious about this, since the last moment she told me, yesterday.
- My fear of what she could verbally frighten it out of my possible thought, before I ever act. She also informed that I should still work on improving my attentive attitude over how I responded to her, but may I let you know, I still emotionally took her word for what she might do to me, relating to the action I claimed to do. My attitude wasn't aiming toward being bad, whether fear of being still screamed at, over these type of situations. My personal attitude is that people should not yell demandingly, to create emotional fright for control of an action.
- It doesn't work on women who are tending to be unable to tolerate someone loud and dictative of anything that had appeared, to be a problem. All this had resulted in was more fear to try anything, and shame about what has been said, not tried. I swore not to treat my parent like that with that form of verbal release. It felt like a probable mistake that seemed in the past, not to make any positive progress upon me or my secure approach to do any independant things, involving from my terminal choices. I want to try respect, through considering how Mom, would need to be treated.



Don't dictate  
Mom with thinking  
of intrusive thoughts  
out of fear anxiety

San is  
just a mini  
Nanite

12:25am  
Sat. 25th,  
2017

Later, I began verbally stating of how an older child, a boy yelling dictating demands at his mother at the Southaven Walmart earlier this Summer. I personally, and mentally ended up reflecting that incident upon what I did nearly nine years ago. I had in the past, since Father mentioned it, that will not occur again, especially at my age. Mom or similar about the issue of my frustration over my actual health status, is horrendously tired of my fixation over it, while not really letting it go after the predicament was supposedly dealt with a couple of years ago.

The other reason why I brought up the agitating fixation was, besides her saying what part of it she still couldn't understand, is the probable fact that I or sometimes my Father and I tend to spend more time doing activities, and outings that does not include Mom. She said, she could feel this building irrepible observation. I won't go back into anymore of my unnecessary emotional, verbal words over my terrible and regretful behavior that was resulted in those last few years, since she declared that negative focus will or could kill her, possibly causing her more health struggle with her blood concern and insult to her distress. May that also be probably true about me, focusing on that kind of negative degraded my attitude, and cause my overall health to eventually deteriorate in another way or form that ends up to be just as harmful.

Mom Can't be the set therapist, she's too emotionally close to me, and the prospect of my life predicament. No more,



Fixed  
is differ  
than determined

Is Sam eating  
out my Brain?

11:35 PM.  
Friday 24th  
2017

Mom was the person I didn't feel capable enough to refuse telling her as a lecture type talk that seem invasive, since I was standing around over her being seated, preaching about my past predicament of mental health, due to what had been a physical issue. My driven yearning was a strong urge to inform her to attempt at redefining my problem to prevent any misunderstanding.

My lustful resented feelings was acted out, while I said more irrelevant words that indirectly related my circumstances with Leigoel's, my cousin, illness. I admitted to frank irrational feelings toward her situational sudden condition, and mine as how it had followed. I did say inappropriate judgement of myself as I felt about how her parents treated her and supported her through her ailment.

I admit that I wasn't right to think this way, but it was true that my Mom didn't support or could further really aid me emotionally, as my cousin was with her parents. That she said, was because, she depended literally on our doctor for every answer or guidance there ever could be given. The nurse also, aided me greatly due to her seemingly profound concern, unlike the others that was working with the leading doctor.

My Father thought I shall not speak aloud as I do at home at our private matters for anyone who can't judge our intentions with our voiced out words. No person should know, but others need some informing of what has gone on with me. He should not worry over me going knuts in public, as that would be obscene.



if my Mom declined the claims, those people, include the woman Therapist and doctor, there at that hospital who called her. I could believe still that my, brushed that part off, My Mom. Of some of all these things prior that I last mentioned, she would still keep me in an out-patient status at that hospital. I, since then, ended up spending two and a half weeks there. The Group counselling was real and charging for me, but the surroundings, and nagging they did on me was varying in quality. It is somewhat true that these staff that ran the hospital, did want more rights and control over me and my own self existence, to be medicated, and in their facility a heck of a lot longer. Now they chose to actually care for my needs was anyone's guess to how I could have ended up.

- > Through this, my Mom did achieve the concept of opening my eyes, using fright of society to scare me out of my self, eventually, and put me mentally in a state were I won't entirely forget anything, or how I experience my issue with her, or how it was dealt with.
- > From the circumstances, I express done here, is all somewhat personal, but extensively true. Why did I write it? So, someone eventually will find a probable method to help me. I still, ever since 2010, find it difficult to forgive myself for my terrible instance of what my behavior, and apparent looks during this state of actions I had, defined my image, as for awhile, literally, and gravely, how it defined me personally. I feel, it could still of the awareness upon my parents, are probably remained struck by such an awful impact.



I literally felt that I was find accusations at my Mom, the pet that once lived with us, but not of my own well being. My Gen. doctor after three years of my wrecking, through my parent's lives with such a horrible bi-polar type behavioral issue, was informed that my overies were rattled, causing terrible obstructive mood swings. Well, that issue landed me in a behavioral hospital, soon since, Mom said she began to consider me as possible being mentally ill, and obviously depressed. She could tolerate any physical behavior intended to hurt, whether it was me latching out or not, from anguished distress.

> I have hardly known any possibility before that about any thought of how my body's 'biological' problems could effect my mental state so severely, that I seem to deliberately appearing as mentally ill, even after been told my eyes was cloudy 'out of focus', with an unclear glaze about my eyes' look. Yet, I felt bad enough not to say this to Mom about how her eyes looked when she anxiously let loose at me during her oppressed time.

> Say more specifically, that one person's eyes appear to look 'mean', makes a lot more sense. A time, like these, of what I had mentioned, bravely allows me to admit, when people get so angry and loose it, that is the one of many results, including a redder face that is immediately seen.

> I also admit that I surely was not going to use brute force with a wooden or solid club to harm my Mom or forbid, my Dad. I should have never carelessly put those words in a hospital, describing mainly my feelings, I thought I suppose to express, about Mom and I, Punishment, etc, could have resulted



not clear, or as she stated, glazed as if he had cataracts, that to me, is a sign of his neglect of any eye health. Yes, she told me at the moment I physically hurt her, I was denounced having horrible glazed unfocused eyes, as that troubled person did. I also know, that she said her was stunned at the unintended capture she did on him. I knew that my Mom's eyes became wide, and veiny red once she was confrontively angry at me at times out of built up frustration about noticed failure to discipline an obvious problem that had been brewing between our pet and I, which was its own predicament. The way she described my eyes though, without knowing, no more than I knew, about how my eyes appear during either of those times. Only she bluntly told me, as though, I for some reason, may have not said about her.

- \* I honestly felt it was the personal strife between Mom and I over the upset arrangement with our pet, and Mom's temperament of losing her ability to withstand another day of my frustration over our pet that was no longer able to feel capable of ever being around me without fear or anxiety, which I also could see, her literally starting to tremble or shake as if the pet had become panicked.
- > I do have inner sympathy for that unpleasant issue of how our pet suddenly changed abruptly on me in a negative manner. The pet was a small dog, that seemed to behave in that way during my unstable menstrual cycles that were irregular. Maybe, I thought, our pet sensed my imbalance of hormones, I had later found were severely off. The probable feeling about why I was so mad, was hard to reason.



Dec. 20th  
2017

OVER ACTIVE Bladder,  
Response from these  
Thought Patterns noted.

pg. 1

- > I had kept myself from verbally admitting on what was on my thoughts. I was fixated on certain bad memories persistently. These incidents occurred during mid-2010, mainly the day just before I was sent to the behavioral hospital. The Parkwood, to be honest, that is just down the road from where we live. The issue at this time, is remembering what led to my admittance to this hospital. It was similar to what they advertise as a reason to tend the place and a descriptive scene by Dr. Phil at the same time period. Even in the paper that come each morning, told that I, over time, should end up appreciating being put in a jail like environment, which I did not actually desire to.
- > I admit that I had become more disrespectful as up on how I spoke to Mom, and eventually treated her physically, when I was twenty-three. It became another scene of Dr. Phil of me terrorizing her, over emotional hurting and personal insecurity. Like now by yet I won't keep falling for it's grip, were my obsessive thoughts of how I felt ill of her, and how I thought I was getting back at her. It was like a pet, you push a pet too often over time and not be worried out how that effects one mentally, and not expect to get it back in a awfully harsh way. I hope that pet didn't seem to influence me, any idea of what causes one to finally snap.
- > My repetitive thoughts of what I heard Mom directly say out of anguish, and freight of my physical treatment that had utterly hurt her. She declared that I was not in my head, reminding her of a disabled man who once got caught stealing her purse. What stuck in my head, was what she said how his eyes were



not at that moment, too concern, except myself. I did act remainly over my feelings, willing to ruin it for others. I am an honestly, troubled person, as this seems to confess about my misbehavior. In my ignorant mind of thought, it was what I had felt my Mom's words ruin it emotionally for me. I thought she was in the proable holiday spirit. When I began saying anything of my personal irrelevant worries to her, that must have ruined her attention to any spirit. They I am sure, told Grandma, that I was sick, so she would not ask so much to concern of me being absent for that meal. So much for that holiday of Christmas, as this propagation was essentially my fault.

- Yes, I tend to sometimes act in a foolish way that would not or shall not be apart of any special occasion. Even though, that was a smaller occasion, still have no right to make it harsh and or disrespectful to others. I am certain those 'other people' will turn the tide, and show me how it felt to do that to them. I am at times, actually, expecting that could happen down the road or in the near future. Thinking like this, at that level, may teach me a lesson. Let me tell you, I for a while didn't get over it, and that must be why that type of 'lesson' is effective.

- I recall that I did end up having a similar issue with Mom prior the meal on this holiday. I do tend to suspect about what was mentioned, was also similar. I was one of those disabled problem children who went to that special needs, high school, for those only whom are in that status, both physically and mentally. This, is how, our Christmas, resulted, but the rest of our time is yet to be defined. How will our New Year be? I have no idea, but hope to be best improved than this.



flustering of both Mom, and than Grandmother, eventually. I am still irritated at my issue of not caring or for at some appropriate times, to think of or consider others. Even when I ended up the same day after have a disbate argument of our family problems, to sudden change to improve my mood enough just for that one day certain necessary moment. Even though I ended up emotionally feeling, like why I have to endure the family seperation so well, like it personally was not worth that much to me. That is why I cried with an intolerable attitude toward Mom about my sadness nonetheless over it. I do regret acting in this exact manner, as it's very seldom that I see or am with my Grandmother. Mom wished I could have saved my discussed problems for a lot later, like, when the holiday was long over. I am recently, more worried that I acted out of responded frustration of Mom's carefree direct words upon me. I felt honestly of how I didn't like what I had heard her saying, just after she told me to get out of her way to put the food on the table, whether than keep talking about something I've just mentioned earlier, about sarcasum, as she turned that upon me, anyway, making me sound more of as if I had wasted time for those words. She stated she had too many other thoughts, but of what?, on her mind, to say any much of anything else. When I react, in this way, I become less rash to think very much about the other person's feelings or needs. I made my Mom too flustered to tolerate my place at the time to have anything to be near her or my immediate parents, as they told Grandma, that I was too sick to eat with them or have any part of that meal. I was



fearful discouragement to find or speak to anyone who are near my age, unlike it is about my cousins. Mom had told me that I am too naive to be near anyone who is not a woman. Well, their attitudes have not cooperated to be my friends, as I have kept being rejected or hurt by mostly women's image of my personality or actions, depending on the constant complaints of me that they've never failed to have. My behavior, even as an adult, literally shocks and freaks out just about anybody, that shows up with my changing dull personality. After leaving high school, I have felt emotionally neglected too often, to realize if there are any persons capable of accepting or even overlooking 'ignoring' some of my quirks, I do agree, though, my behavior is still in other ways, remaining unacceptable in any situation. I almost am certain I am genetically weaker than Father, because, I utterly am struggling to manage, do simple tasks, or really think on my own, as I have also felt academically ignorant in college, as there is an inability to learn. Whether they say through testing, or evaluation, that there is a pervasive, slow brain function to think, that doesn't excuse the issue of not being able to grasp any material. I had a crying, emotional, avoiding anymore words, to not eat that meal with Grandmother this holiday, because of how Mom addressed me over our disgust of the family. I fussed out a bad attitude when told to open my presents to unwrap, that I refused due of a gripping bad mood. Yes, my own moody attitude affects others that it makes me appear selfish, just thinking anxiously about what I am feeling. The problem is that this behavior alone caused an upset and mad



2017

Dec. 29 SAT.

1:15pm - 3:15pm

1 pg.

- The most recent Christmas cliv had was not going very well. cl kept whining about one personal problem to any other, such as what was not even important, whether or not cl was or had been sarcastic. cl griped, thinking too much about my feelings from anyone else's, upset about why my cousins, aunt or uncle, won't be coming down this or any other year, each holiday, at this certain time. My Mom felt see heard Leasil state my Uncle was insane, back when my Grandfather was placed in a nursing home. Mom is also still fuming of how Uncle had proclaimed us declined from being present at Gwen's wedding. Mom told me that cl would be in a depressed stated, whining over anything, which could cause embarrassment to others around me during that wedding. Yes, my personal issue their is being awfully lonely while having that empty space in my own heart. Just because, of my weakness of mental, developmental disability. Mom told me, that a reason why people have avoid getting near me, as cl represent a frightening situation. Mom told me additionally, that Father, a genetically slightly stranger, than cl am, still presents a significantly specific issue of clammig up, becoming shy in such a social inclining setting. For both of us, those environments make us have uncomfortable, anxious responses. When Mom also remarked, after Grandma passed, she won't ever celebrate anything of this holiday, again, due to mourning, and missing the person's being with us, during that time, for a lengthier while. Later on, after, she may begin going out of meals, but not making those. It'll be so much more difficult for me, lacking any personal life, dependant on my parents, and the



pg. 4

Mom told me directly that I can't lose it or self control at any time. That was the reason she does not want me to forget Parkwood. The Group with those patients, but none of them were my age, more like around my parent's age. They were long past any age relation, more about directing me to do what they wanted, or listen to what had to be taught.

My inner feeling was more true than I thought. That I suspected that Mom does not still feel any trust left or has a need to separate from me at any time, due to a certain extent of fear. Of myself, I know that I have fears to present uncertainties of the actual state of mind, besides my health, that I had been worried about.

I am saying what may be inaccurate, but my behavior speaks otherwise.

Since last night, I'd figure that Mom caught my outraged attitude, and raised voice. She does mean serious, when she insensitively scares me inwards to death, causing irreparable tension in my chest. The fact about the Parkwood is too great to go near, of a physical 'abusive' mistreatment risk. To me, having no control of my rights, and the consequences to this, is too harsh to my mind to process in a few words. I am actually afraid of those people to put people who are mentally disabled into this.



I do feel guilt of both my terrible mistreatment of our pet. Guilt exist in my inards about, also, the regret of not entirely being able to stop this frequent talking at any time, almost so much, that my mouth get dry, out of anxious worries. I know there is a probable chance that I will not be able to continue to literally contain my anxieties anymore. Therefore, I react by not shutting up over the issue that causes immediate hurt, which is always a personal problem.

I won't forget the Parkwood; I am aware of the place, and the supposed training I was going to receive there. The rehabilitation from my ugly mixed up ways. I was somehow believing that these people could have helped me. When I did go there, I did not accept the fact that it was my fault. Then also, that I could not admit any guilt yet about honestly torturing a pet.

That, among some various other fresher issues between Mom and I fighting, was seemingly hard to talk about doing it out of anger, and built-up temperament.

Regardless it appears pass these years, that I was mean, while not feeling too much when I was so mad. Mom stated, in my fixative ways, could end out bullying someone in my near future. I wished I could change for the sake of someone I may care about one day. Like I said, I feel like I had already become a God awful person as it is.



Last, I recall, trying to attempt a meaningful, whether emotional, plea to apologize. I knew Mom wondered if I actually was serious. I was sorrowful of my Mom's urgent statement directly of how she couldn't live with my terrible lecturing, of how that dominates the day as if I weren't aware of any hours passing.

I have tried to come up with some form of explanation to tell why I would do such an action. I know I could be attention seeking, some form of desperate action to relieve my inner feelings of emptiness.

Mom tells me directly that I've become more tense, showing signs of insanity, thinking some unrealistic thoughts, followed by indifferent words I say. I have had thoughts to feel that possibly I could be a very difficult and structured person to live with. That also, I might be manic, and obviously insane.

Because of these realizations, I am going to have a horribly rough year ahead.

I recall reading that frequent nonstop talking is a form, patternized symptom of mania, having to do with bi-polar related disorders. Aspergers was more like, talking often about the same topic, but all day, without much breath or thought, and then forgetting any auditory relative of words.

I feel I could be, since I turned 27, lets say, form this new disorder from whatever else I've had.



SORRY for the Lecture Issue,  
would've driven anyone crazy.  
Monie Deborah, that's not to  
Brag over too much...

Jan 62  
Tues.  
2018

5.89  
I last night, cracked up irrationally about how  
a bag of corn aggravated my attitude into  
a loud grouch. Once I was seated, I kept  
complaining about how bad I had felt, stating  
that I had pore tightness in my chest.

I went into my mental predicament, saying that  
I can't handle my intrusive thoughts increasing  
in a soft voice whispering negative dictative  
subjects that becomes frightening.

My response, in a continuous lecture, while  
verbally coming at my parents, especially Mom,  
soon blaming upon her of how she raised me;  
wasn't always aiding me in my struggles.  
My constant griping and whining, like an  
issue consistent of a persistent bad attitude  
with an embarrassing behavior.

Always feeling tightened once restricting my  
chest and muscles near there, hurt and  
produce discomfort regularly, from night  
through day time.

Mom, let me have it, over threatening about Parkwood,  
to place a certain traumatic fear to only add  
to my back of venting, and putting my mental  
injury out there.

I, at night, told Mom, that I regret how it's  
become resentful in my hearts about how I  
had treated our pet, so many years back.

During the day, I heard more about Parkwood,  
of how I shall not forget that place, like  
it's going to be an inner torment.



I talked about  
my parents,  
feelings, and  
my life.

I've I recall expressing feelings to these  
trained and educated professionals, they read  
me a heck of a lot better, than this.

Other Therapist, Counsellors, and some  
other various related specialist I am  
strongly aware did not go to the extremes  
of reporting just any word or written thing  
I said out of fear, and insecurity of the  
setting and involvement. They knew and did  
already pick up on how stupid my processing  
of words came out were just out of emotional  
shock and distress of being examined and judged.  
Those other licensed specialist could better  
read my emotional, relative to being anxious,  
whether than someone conjuring threats.  
It's I thought that it's literally, because  
of the location of where I was sent to  
was why they, the people, think that way.  
Smaller, more defined settings, where  
these specialist are tend as from what  
I understand from experience, that they  
did seem to handle a situation, like that.

I remember them, the other professional  
specialist, stated similar to what Andrea  
said to me, but drastically depending on where  
you send someone to "express" anything upon,  
could be similar to being punished for it, instead  
of actual help and guidance. I gave you those  
papers to honestly prove that I am not the  
only person who has been treated that way,  
due to attempt, if any, of expressing themselves  
just as I did, and paying a huge price for it, both  
mentally & physically. So, go to decent arranged  
services where there are professionals, like those  
I've been able to actually help, before that emplacement.



Jan. 7th  
2018

I am not a Bill to hand them,  
I am supposed to be a person,  
trying to get help, needing to be met.

Mom told me that I am getting nowhere when making claims about her to that woman Therapist. That did no good, where certainly only caused a sudden predicament for me. The Therapist excuse for it was stating due to the location I said/wrote this Careless material at, supposedly for a method of written emotional expression. I recalled her preparing us for such a trial, only to have it punished back on us. I personally thought consciously that this Woman had become unpredictable. When occasional one on one slipped by, I no longer felt comfortable admitting or even saying anything else to these type of Specialist. I found myself restraining any unnecessary words of my status ever farther than, what they already knew.

Only the exact specified information, and reasoning were met until I left the last day. It seemed that the Therapist applied more social time to the others in the rooms but not as often, for me. I suspect that as of recent, that because I refused any meds, or what more she wanted to situate me into, in other words, she was disappointed about it.



Don't just take my word for granted,  
As I only believe in Telling the Truth.

Jan. 9, 2018

I don't have anymore persistent sores on my skin that I could see for some while. I've noticed very obvious mood swings, as he said this could take some certain amount of time to fade, throughout the last couple of years. The moods "are" fading, as long as I quit having doubts from fear that my chemicals had reverse any proper function, causing such symptoms that were too severe to be in college or anywhere, to be honest.

You're more accurate than you know, that behavior did not fit my nature, nor my heart. I am awfully apologetic of how disappointed I could be, even in myself, of how "satisfactory" I turned out, since that very hopeful treatment. I remember reading on a ladies pad info, to avoid caffeine, and a calm, considerably stable environment, during her ordeal and obligation each month. It was some advice from Kotex, back when I had been dealing with the use of those.

Let's pray, that "2018" will be the year that my "fluctuations" as I've last mentioned had occurred in either 2016-2017, when I had began college, fade altogether, and give a complete remission. I truly hope this year does "prove" to be an an end upon my inappropriate emotions, due to this element. That's for my doctor's efforts, me, and for you.



Please try to trust what  
I am attempting to reason.

Jan 9, 2018

This is why screaming, a high pitch tone that is rough and harsh, is not my definitive behavior. This was only when I became chemically ill with severe (PMS); having that uncontrollable primary symptom due to such a painful imbalance that was constantly felt for literally no explanation. Many women told me that anything that contained any heavy chemical influence over an extensive length of time, such as medication capable or potent enough to alter these chemicals.

Linker, my once trusted doctor, told me not to have high expectations to "prove" that I am over that prognosis of behavior. He also added, for my most recent treatment to regulate, normally as usual, defines whether or not there is existing observation of improvement in those areas of behavior. Yes, I did and will admit after at least "2016", there was significant improvement the first year afterwards. If you think I have to still "prove" anymore of myself, than you are not entirely trusting my doctor's judgement, as I had to, with all of what little else to have some "hope" to express with.

-Improvement time was allotted to be gradual, since 2015.



I promise to you with the fair enlightenment for truth, that back the last era or 2009-2015 yr, the subjects and things I've had my terrible mood-swings over, was mostly senseless and irrational. Also, honestly ignorant, and more contradictory of my personal morals about others, and how I truly respect my parents.

My faith and perceptiveness is too ingrained for that subjective garbage I made subjects about.

Please, remember, consciously I have felt how wrong, my behavior and emotional mouth was an extended waste.



My Dad said it really was not me doing this deliberately, as it was my chemical imbalance influencing my actions, words, subjects and outlandish behavior.



This is what I had been "worried" about telling you, to inform of this.

## Take a Note!

I've 'recently' found it

highly difficult to say

that I was once "screaming",

a few years ago, even in these personal

Journals I've made, to either you or

myself. I've felt over time that it's

become more irrelevant to describe

myself as verbally behaving like that.

I consciously felt that I do not

act like that, for the heck of it, or

in any form, as I had 'recently' been aware of.





Why I won't say any real negative stuff  
to any outsiders who are complete strangers.

## Take a Note!

Since the students are  
either young or adult,



I doubt, unlike what you  
might think, would get concerned  
or freak out as much as you would picture.

I see myself if I said anything about  
my past bad behavior, I would be most  
be hurt or even scared up from the issue  
of too much honesty, usually resulting in,  
a huge onset of embarrassment.<sup>x</sup>

That's why the instructor tells us, to  
inform how "too much information" a  
person don't want out, is highly inappropriate.

It'd would freak me out more to say  
anything about it, to who I don't know.  
I'm more concerned about the instructor's  
response.



After Childhood, & so Farth, to the Future,  
The Truth Does Come Out.

I promise to you, as I wished you could "quit"  
having "fear" in some form; that any behavior  
of "screaming" would ever happen again.

At this time, it's not for the "heck" of it; for no  
reason; - It may occur if I am maybe running ~~only~~  
from chased by animals that are loose or  
someone not saying anything, while just perusing me  
for no reason. I usually cry out loud enough,  
hoping someone nearby will hear me.

It's only primarily out of sheer Fear, other than,  
~~that~~, absolutely not. I don't literally feel any  
steep up or down anyone, since this pass  
time duration. No swings in emotion or awfully  
inappropriate feelings.

That honestly related to the norms is Not my behavior,  
as I am an actual realistic genuine person, because  
I certainly only treat people with "respect". My  
personal morals, my raising, back that up.



MAY 1

Why can't I help  
the manic 'anxious'  
'fale'?

Pg. 3

I had felt intermittent shifting amounts of despair and shamefulness over my Mom's words that had been what I'd processed as critical about my anger problems while growing up: over differing life task that appeared too stressed and loud, but senseless. My verbal ability to talk was there, but confronting personal feelings was not.

I understand that my Mom has feelings too, regardless of either my claim of a trigger over my "mad" behavior that seemed to force her to leave me alone <sup>vis-a-vis</sup> so many conflicts over petty situations that would never make reasonable sense. She dictated that my fluster over the teen years versus that trigger made Mom <sup>vis-a-vis</sup> <sup>unwillingly</sup> have flash backs, which are fairly old, about how she may have caused a portion of the incident; related to her Father's death. She then made a crack about the risk of my worries, like those I've had, could cause another terrible risk for my parents to face a uncivil death. It's to me, felt like just worries from fears, but I thought, not "that" bad on an unethical scale.

I apologized and tried to hand over money or a least five dollars forward as a punishment to relieve privileges of having an earned allowance. <sup>this week</sup>



Not Whining, Letting Loose,  
But why?      overwhelming  
conscious anxiety?

When I think, it's direct and has a strict sense of analysis about any problem. It's like an instinct I've developed, which lacked when I was still in my youth. If I did do the so called analyzing, it was only on unimportant stupid stuff. I'd guess that was my way, perhaps to escape stress without any communication, which I felt was nearly impossible to attempt on my feelings. Yes, there were existent feelings, but I could feel a mental wall in me, preventing any trial to express verbally about it.

My current teacher has tried to redefine my ability to speak, but it's something not feeling right, in me, as I am unable to grasp my personal issue coming up at this moment. I had felt humming and vitality hit my temples of my head very hard and quick. It's sort of a type related to a dizzy, troubling head discomfort. My Mom told me, to my face, that I am dwelling on myself, but internet women say that sometimes, it's not awful to be selfish. It allows a person to vent in a healthy way to release any built up stress that caused nociceptor pain in my head. If I can't talk now, I feel like my mind is being suffocated. I talked frantically, since 2 p.m. until 3 for some, since early this morning.



may 1

Pg. 1

If I can't live enough to  
manage, please don't let  
meds be it.

Mom and I had emotion problem escalate into a minor fight that led to her recalling a sudden memory of her father's death when she was a mid-aged teen. Yet, my teen years hurt for other reasons. I stress about how "mad" as a description of me can hurt, due to the behavior that matches it. I am strongly aware of my old, dwindling, and more recent behaviors that all seem similar to the last. All reflective of me being terribly mad, and careless of other's feelings, which I had trouble reading. I struggle often with spectrum autistic characteristics. My own parents can't seem to understand it; about what portion of it I'm going through.

I went on my teen moments only to attempt a chance to explain something about possibly why I would ever make my behavior an immediate problem, causing me to become a difficult person. My thoughts should not be limited to childishness and naive thinking, to express the reason to my horrible behavior. I could not "explain" my feelings clear enough yet during that time, and so I lost it when confronted with ordinary life challenges. That's a more decent answer, cause when I am older, that's not so hard to explain about personal problems that could set an obstacle for me.



environment that reasons with the meaningfulness to apply to my needs, and provide me a stable job to aid in expenses, and lead to chances of hope for a steady embarkment for beginning an establishment towards survival. This list my thought of extended attempts for a conceptive goal.

I've been in collage, I've walked around more, like mumbling to myself, and only noticed others seemed not to observe too much of me. Never heard of self talk or thinking aloud? The norm of that is it too far fetched to be fairly grasped. I was told that it's not, but I've seen it in people's nature just so much. So they, these select people think or judge that the individuals are too wild or disfunctional, so what? or can I continue to care about their thoughts? I personally don't want those people to approach me with that prejudice attitude and cliqueish mind. So, if they won't accept me, no invitation, it's already over.

Yes, my anxieties will tend to ruin my days, but that's depending at least. I only worry so far, based from a personal reaction of what Mom directly tells, or shocks me out of it about. I had been tired of being told stuff that erupt my worries, like a little trigger. I'm still this much sensitive, without any lee way to go by enough not to discuss it too well. I dread 'relapses' or panic pains.



She warns how she remains disturbed about how I act in public. I still ramble to myself for quick thought coping, and figuring out how not to make impulsive mistakes. I wished she knew anything of why I self talk, as to me, it's not weird it's better than losing your mind and getting out of control. Compared, it's quite minor. No reason for people to fixate on other's idiosyncracies. I know about it as in awareness, but it's not that serious of a behavior. What?! You much act a certain way in public, as you actually can't be yourself. That results in stress that should not be there presented inside your conscious. How about people learn to ignore irrelevant dumb behaviors that hurts no one. They should leave special needs people alone, as that their actions are caused by others sensed rejection and all this led up to neglect.

I somehow visualize Mom's fear of people's treatment in society's jobs or what I have yet to see or hear. Feeling it would be the next part of that rupture. Being told how to live verses real choices conflicts to answers that still take a turn for the worst, since my old college and some past experiences with settings involving other people. There's one thing, I'm no stranger to problems I describe here. I pray only just that our Lord would place me in a rational



I verbally confessed I felt judged so quickly about how I did those snails. I should not have put those two snails into one of the crystal bowls on the table. Maybe in a place away from the china and table cloth fixtures. I made another careless issue up over into what sounded like an effective complaint that I interpreted as immediate judgement that I am still doing childish acts without much reason. After that, I threw out the snails in disgust and noticed one of them had a sizable mouth to maul one of my fingers.

After this, we saw a raccoon visitor, yet he moved back into the dark. I admitted to becoming worried since the words that felt sudden upon me about the snails. Mom wished I could not have so much pressured anxieties that had resulted from worries. Small or large, to me it's is measured in that aspect as concerned its severity. I've recently can finally manage to civilly talk about it without going too far or reacting with unnecessary emotion. I've been told by an instructor that revealing feelings is rude and awfully impolite. Mom much fear I could struggle badly in my life to survive with such anxieties, even sensitive induced worries. People still take harsh advantages of those groups of individuals who are prone to that.



The first time I had heard Mom talk or ratted about that she felt that the failure of our last dog that was bought when I had turned twelve, I felt personally sorry for the incident of what happened to reason for such a failure. The probable idea was that she said that my age had been to lessen the chance of being bitten. So, in other words it still happened, but only down the road. Since the dog has passed away, it is harder to hear about it in any form that's comforting or neutral.

Another issue today is how I had seen a beagle dog that sounded old, but well trained in how "she" acted. That was at a park we visited today, which made me sad on the inside due to my careless commit of how cute I thought that dog looked while acting well. I don't think that helps any on my effort to dull any emotions connected to our last dog. I doubt there's an easier path or method to soothe my pain from that once on going experience.

Later, she made a direct complaint that I had bought some creatures/bags into our home "temporarily" from the park. I thought I had found a treasure in the idea about the two "snails" from the region by the swaying short bridge and water flowing through as a lake.



Taking a leap toward  
what feels correct  
as brave of a talk

2. Pg

circumstance of being sensitive to verbal flash backs that create offensive and upset responses, as not to go into detail about subjects that may hit nerves and cause tension. Also, making a point to the core of a problem to seek a suspected resolve. It was long term, slow, but gradual Cognitive therapy that lessened my temperament about the dog situation. My emotional behavior was bad for at least six disorienting years, and again slowly dissipating, since the last couple of years. Maybe I could be stable the most usual this year if any compared.

My cousin's cancer seemed to interrupt my focus to my illness during the time any similar was exchanged. My feelings was too terrible to work efficiently through the pressure I felt suffocated by. My personal recent fuss about not being a dictated threat to animals due to how I had been acting and believed during the time I was effected by the persistent hormonal condition.

My emotional notice of how I've been responding to hearing about references to my awful ways back during those regretful times. My unpleasant past doesn't need to define me today. Am I not taking the behaviors seriously enough or am I over the driven urge to act as so? That's since I don't live with pets or near animals; I can't determine a righteous explanation.

Taking care of the conversations to Mom is not as easy personally as that may seem to appear. It's too difficult, but trying to detach my feelings only makes the deliberate attempt to fix the social issue an actual fixative challenge. My soul aim was to try and save a chance to help the relationship, if any, to give me some wind, an opportunity to be able to talk with a fair potential upon Mom. My upset mindfully does conflict due to trigger references, that's happened before.

This same day, the Royal wedding took place and my visit to the airplane WWII tour took a momentary alternated three day event. I had things planned, but nothing really helps passed somewhat pushed verbal talk throughs of our conflict. My fig tree lives, as yesterday's blessing for once, but I still need hope to move forward from my heart-filled aches.



Last time I was speaking to Mom, I immediately saw her react by coughing til her face quickly turned redish. I felt that it was how I spoke to her when being direct about that she had talked once to herself the moment she had denied that she didn't. Arguing passed that I and father had talked off and on to ourselves depending on the setting of the environment.

Also the next day, I seemed to come back at Mom when feeling confronted with the issue of how upset we had been making one another. I deal with the problem by confessing of my passed impairment of my level of intellectual delay relating to mental processing, and accepting emotional trials.

My verbal effort while wording Mom as a flustered "Mother" feeling when I fail to improve her attitude to telling me to becoming tired of handling to often of my "PMDO" illness of the hormone predicament and struggle. Her other unwanted clear perspected response was about our dog, how she, a female canine, was ending up getting hurt, and that Mom's pain suffered during a sad time to decide, whether to send the dog to my grandmother's home and me to stay remainedly at this house. Separated from the poor dog alright, but that memory still gripe my heart.

I swear in the progressed delusion of my developed illness did I get a terrible madness to hurt a dog that I learned later that was already in pain from a diagnosed physical tumor and formed illness. I admit I've changed my thoughts and heart about this dog over the years, since not seeing her anymore. So she was possessive and getting selectively territorial in that home I used to live at. That's not any answer to my acted out behavior against her. She got too mad and bit my fingers and feet at sudden instances, sometimes without enough red flags. It obviously was at me, whereas, my father she favored. Well, again, my personal erupt hormone influenced illness was my twenties down fall.

My life issues plague does haunt me through flash backs from verbal or visual triggers. I suggested Mom to renounce my



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I was fatally confused by this therapist who I thought was supposed to be rehabilitating us as a group for the world. She as I am beginning to see it now, inaccurate and concerningly misguiding these select patients. Well, my speech instructor corrected our understanding of this matter, and showed how and why that was a rational answer of the issue about crying or revealed feelings. Of course, during the beginning of my set time in the out-patient group, that was supposedly appropriate crying in response to ridiculed problems. My rational approach to the expectations on how to behave and establish my ability to act in public when dealing with the social mannerisms in society.

I had be ever so often pleading to Mom to forgive me for all of this once on going sad predicament. I wished I didn't hurt anyone like this. What if it ends up being my Mom taking the longest time to 'really' in her heart to forgive me for all that? That was one of my conscious worries about it. Forgiving myself? That's another part the personal story I know time will tell.

I've been in collage so far, for the last year and a half. My goals to aim are building very gradual and permissive classes to later define where I am headed for a future academic strength. Sticking with an education field has offered me to go through the differing types of classes to find what I can do when investing the money in to sign up for what is available to help with that. Making a impromptu decision about a degree is not clear or even at a sure course of how I lined up my classes per term. Give me hope through my ugly thought patterns over my past that has ceased two and a half years ago. This inner peace will allow me a chance to cope and make it mentally pass by these anxieties a bit more with ease and purity.



May 25 4

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or 3

Since when I was nearly twenty-seven, I had this explosive and terribly shocking behavior too much and at that time decides that poor little dog, they were "hurt" by it. That very truth just metaphorically cuts my heart in half. That fault and guilt is not what I ever wanted to live with. Heck, I still want their hurt pained memories of that to heal, as it needs to for me. If that's regainingly possible, please present that a larger potential.

My sudden irascibility and anxiousness over the sadness of the past years of that undeniable incident that was resulted from my condition. I've used medications, either over the counter or once prescribed only some what managed these terrible symptoms, along with often apologizing for my uncivil, reckless behavior. I was just putting a real temporary block to my symptoms, whether than extinguishing that entirely. That's why I came crawling back to my doctor about it with a genuine determination that final time. I was once told if through the inkling of depression, it only passes by over a stretch of time to get less and less. Yes, the rest of my age period from twenty-four to twenty-eight.

My distinct last of my twenties, ruined by this, if not by that patient, a woman's reference.

While for a long length of time since the behavioral mental hospital, I didn't really understand to grasp how it really is in the real world, decides that crying was acceptable, because bawling out your eyes actually is the opposite and disrespectful. When speaking your mind, don't porce out yourself to pieces, do it right with mindful deciplined control over yourself and feelings. That means that counselling group therapist was wrong about how to act and address yourself.



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- Just sends my thoughts in to a negative orbit pattern. I was wishing I had a course to take back or change before it had gotten so bad. I do have some sense, but I didn't believe there was an awful issue that I could fall prone to such an illness. I've had ASD or an autistic spectrum disorder, but I had never thought that might lead to what wasn't been to my personal behaviors normally. The factors right away factored far passed my usual nature and habits. I had kept worrying anxiously, regardless of our idea of going to get to the core or honest, senseful point about the recent felt personal issue. Reaching out to Mom seeking a cognitive talk about the problem just to quickly get it off me so I can move mentally forward. Civilly verbal talk to reason enough figured and shortly analyzed explanations for the issue.

• I never wanted to end up just upsetting Mom, while trying to confront my problems without such emotional involvement. Her coughing and weeping, upon the same time of being complainive about her new hearing aid. She added that this aid vibrates and echoes sound too much. Fearing about probable hearing loss creeping up on her. Did you speculate that "PMDD" term meant an exaggerated, dramatic form of severe onset of PMS? Well, that's what perspective my medical doctor claimed when he had diagnosed me. Shearry, a nurse helped represent me for the doctor at that time, usually at the Baptist Germantown location. Just rehashing my thoughts about it may make me sick and emotionally debilitated. I rehash or repeat about the subject to compromise attention issues to fill in for my recalling ability that's lagged due to how I process my nervous thoughts. Having certain forgetfulness isn't surprising when I challenge my tension over these sensitive topics.



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of 2

to speak as I had my mind and feelings in check and disciplined properly. From my experience of this so called PMDD, it caused such severe ups, and very low downs. The ups were so manic and raged selfishly at me to hurt my parents carelessly and our little dog. The downs was no energy, exhaustion, and loss of any motivation. As some portions of my internet research on it, it sounds like enough to describe manic depression or a type of a bipolar disorder. Horrible moods swings pushed by feminine chemicals produced in response to multiple irregular period cycles.

Mom told me the last couple of days that stressing about it should of known better over that I lacked reasonable speaking and thinking orderly, before I got over this arrogant ailment that nearly controlled my personality, and almost my life. Its needless to keep rehashing that I could of communatively spoken well enough to say about how I could've turned out. Instead, I end up losing my own identities, due to this chemical imbalance garbage. Yes, that condition has been some how known to cause immediate confusion, uncontrollable emotions, and an unstable temperament. A desperate attempt to end the burning rage of fire, was to consider the idea of either surgery or regulation possibly. That way I could possibly get my will and life back. Mom had asked that I would be blessed that I got my sanity and head back in this present time, whether than burden myself with concern if I had a chance at all before that.

That was the concept of the conversing struggle to Mom over this unrest of how I feel about it. So she's tired of the talk on this, but that main aspect of it



May 25th 1

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• When I was again, trying to communicate my mind with Mom, at first once more, she rejected when directly telling me to know that she's tired of hearing about my illness predicaments. At this time, it was over the fact that I could barely and civilly speak rationally during the influence of that illness. How I personally deep down am still upset about the PMDD symptoms and how that dreadfully effected my parents and little dog. So what? I couldn't help its tyranny over my behavioral changes. Terrible mood swings or not; literally at heart I knew better than that. My actions and verbal situation was admittedly and seemingly out of my control to try and get ahold of on my own. That's why I hated the feeling of knowing how I was actually going against my morals, and denying a probable respectful heart.

• PMDD sounds and feels like a wicked bully who doesn't care about you as a human, and creates an image of you as bitter. The realization that this condition made it utterly difficult to communicate and act sane while facing an emotional and unpredictable circumstances caused by me with my ailment when reacting in response to the persistent chemical and mental alternations. In reality, if it weren't for the ailment, I could communicate above level effectively like I was a bit more mature. I didn't think I was able or even capable of improvement with an level of how I have been last communicating. It's because I had been as I've confessed, as struggling too emotionally to make any sense or sound sane. Upon disregarding what my speech instructor taught me, I didn't honestly believe after some time after all that; about my ability



My real self buried. Solidified over my dominance. I believed I am like a symbolance to an old evil obese bitch with whooping in mind. I mean a constant revelation of an attitude that will invent cancer for you, my parents, and that poor old dog. That dog was little, so that makes it definitely worse.

My parents know personally and unfortunately what I am capable of. That's worse than what your imagination can picture. This dog was also a girl or female. That created an emotional and very sensitive circumstance. I was a big bully coming down on that small dog, large shadow, and angry tone, kicking her little frail body. I at that time, was an abuser. That was in 2008, for instance, and not forgotten.

I clearly admit my action, because of resentment for that active and persistent ABUSE that occurred then.

My heart cracked remorse for that alone, besides my beating and hitting at my parents, there after wards.

That was in 2010, just a year less after my uterine invasive procedure. I heard my doctor said, three years later in 2014, that my ovaries were further rattled by this past procedure after oophorectomy.

After summarizing a review of my problem, please when you read, don't miss a line, and take it best, seriously.

Make me sound scary, cause I'm supposed to be.

This subject was what my Mom especially is driven crazy and tired of hearing from me over and over again.

Like I said, I am and was "stuck" and frozen or paralyzed in FEAR! of what will, not could, happen if I don't talk, worry, or think I won't revert or

have a relapse into that condemning person & illness.

I don't at heart, want to be defined by this, or referred to as a Bad, mean, woman.



Remember  
All

June 2, 2018

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The police may send me back by choice to be only FORCED to be readmitted to an institution for the MENTALLY ILL, rather than hospitalized for surgery. Surgery of the Removal via the ovaries and tubes. What the prior recommendation my Doctor did note. Don't you all want my life to be Restored and renewed? Mental Institution equal treating symptoms, while major surgery will treat the actual cause. Doesn't that make any sense? That's the only cure, if there was any. I've gained forty pounds extra, sending me to 170 lbs, from once 150, from originally 130, normally. That was due to my microwave endometrial ablation procedure treatment. I had that done when I was 22 years old, once my menstrual cycle became super heavy and on almost everyday of bleeding. Yes, the forming new "PMDD" symptoms reveal themselves right during that exact time when all that started. I do have a long record for feminine hormonal imbalance and irregular periods.

Just ask Dr. Cory Tinker M.D. about this, he will confirm. I had this one doctor for OBGYN for a very long time ever since my Mom had seen him for a Physical checkup. Have I've been already sent as admittance to a mental behavioral hospital & institution? Yes! For necessary group counselling that badly turned out unhelpful or applied any hope to better improvement of behavior, decides physical abusive hitting when lashing out. It just narrowed my abusive acts or episodes to "Screaming" as I've said, and losing it. My Father also always got hit often during these incidence as he threw me across the room. I hated being a whore all the way, with all bitch written all over it. I wanted myself back, you get it? My real, buried by all that.



The corrosive damage that down disease has done to me is or has by some infected patients, compared to be like a cancer. The issue that you don't seem to ever see light or hope to get over it. Each day, you feel like you whether be dead, yourself, than immorally treat others, like your peers or even your parents. It's unthinkable! I know this or these actions are wrong. I wished I was better than this, but I lost lots of faith. A gripping cut portion of my life appears ruined by this Satan of a disease.

This disease was since I had been 22 years old, and now I am almost 32 of age. Just do the shaky math, like as it were with my trembling hand. I was officially 28 when the devil let up on me after my last oral treatment. When I turned 29, I started to consider going back to some college. God! I am taken chances! One of these days, that's all it takes, once. You see?

That's why I am still stuck frozen in my darkness of FEAR! about what I might do to someone to get hurt so BAD, that this person might be dead, which is worse. That dark hole of what pitch black pit I fall into.

I've spent hours today, out of pure fear "anxiety" afraid of an imminent attack on me, if I don't keep talking and acting out the grave possibility. Opera said! If it's happened once! It will happen again! Oh Greivies! Your evil needs to come on end! Doctor, Doctor! Take those bastards OUT! How I don't know until I get my LIFE and sanity? Back. I'm Not gonna keep staying paralyzed by this, any longer!



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Please  
Read

609 June 2, 2018  
3<sub>0</sub> P9.  
P1107

I started taking an oral regime of standard type birth control pills to try to regulate the hormones produced by these ovaries. Recently I've read that maybe there's a chance that this treatment might not last or keep hold as a cure. I am so terrified of getting such a major surgery and pain I maybe need to just suffer through, since I've done that enough to my parents. I have since, for the last three years, legged how unbelievably sorry I was about how overwhelming my emotions 'feelings' have been over my horrid behavior. I am sure it was a living and breaking hell to live or deal with or even exist.

Maybe I need to be institutionalized for more of a mental developed illness anyway. Parents are slightly afraid of giving me access to Psychological medication for the insanity and loss of control that is very real and could if not, risk anyone around me to be victimized. Not on even if younger, dead? I usually hit or choke someone, as the ugly act. That's part of what I recall. I'd hate to attack or assault a person. I think that I could be an unstable person enough to be a threat.

Hating myself is a daily routine and feeling mentally cursed to hurt other individuals. I am never capable of being truly friendly, but broken and deeply saddened. Now, I only want people to beware of me, and learn to stay far away from me.

Six unpredictable "PMDD" years turned me from a decent person into an evil, angry, sick bitch. Just an idea of how to mentally recover from that is not hardly reality or realistic. I just can't get over it, the consuming and debilitating flashbacks dictate that to a near impossibility.



1005, 5006  
You shall  
know,

pg.  
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June 2, 2018

I than, had felt as if I had no control of myself without any ability or free will. Psychotic behavior was when I acted as if strongly under inevitable, constant, influence from some potent manipulator, that reigned over my of autonomy to control myself.

It was literally years, before I found a probable diagnoses to reason any explanation, decides insanity from manic depression, Psychotic, Bi polar was what I had thought ruled my possessed mind. Our real doctor that truly brought any lingering, light to my illness, was stating that it could be a tough form of "severe PMS" that hit on my body some three weeks, out of every four weeks each month. That's like a persistent active and very dangerous volcano.

For the next several sickening years, I was screaming nearly everyday over everything. I remained to still be losing it and lacking any self control. I wished I would quit raging angrily at everyone over everything ever spoken of to my face. I kept hitting my Father down when being in one of the enraged episodes. He was able to throw me around. Grab me and shove me out of the way to avoid my backfiring blows.

I was an actual evil litch every time or moment my parent saw my face. They got to limit that becoming afraid of not just me, but not returning to their own house. As I've said, hate of my little face in it, was enough to send fright that can follow them out of the house. After all that, I suggested getting major surgery to remove my ovaries and tubes to stop the condition suddenly. I admit that I ended up not doing it out fear of surgery, which honestly makes me a coward.



What  
I must  
Inform

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1 pg.  
10

I had been manically 'madly' verbally explosive in nervous talking and putting on an act about how I hated my past actions of beating up and kicking our pet dog, I cried that fearing another issue where I could harm or carelessly hurt another person. That reasoning consults on how terrible of an angry bully to my two parents, just who had suffered, like my pet dog. I have an actual extensive history of lashing out physically at others. That automatically shows a sign of violent tendencies I had yet really thought twice about.

I sat there literally, anxiously, begging my Mom or Dad that, because of that realization about myself, to please! help me. I can't tolerate any action of my behavior to hurt another person or animal. The awful issue is that it's happened frequently in my past. Grrr! I made my own parents pay a horrible price, for having 'me' in their home, in that state of mind and body.

I begged also that she maybe apologize for how my attempt of counselling didn't work out as we were needing immediately done, which was 'help'. Supposedly, yet help that was sought, turned out as more troublesome, and increased emotional agony on me.

I just as it's dramatically replayed in my head, about when I utterly hurt my parents and their dog. This occurred slightly at different times when either them or the dog got severely treated poorly. I could swear that I had a debilitating fear that someone else could be next if possible. I used to continuously rage while being out of control. Just three years ago, that was my demonic personality.



1. did nearly recommend Parkwood to anyone who truly needs "help" by doctor led therapy groups. It changes you, better than a baptism.

2.

- Another black younger woman who claimed to have some form of bipolar, but appeared more hyper. She told us that she was in her youth, back of the hand slapped on the face by her mother, also stating that gave her no place to exert an option to come back at her, as it had done. Once later on, asked her why it had visual attentiveness upon men's genital areas, and she proclaimed that was showing only that it was definitely "straight."
- The later moment, a medium black male of age informed me to understand about the knowing of an idea of literally putting personal issues on the metaphoric shelf and bed downed not to access it again.
- That was when our somewhat grown organized group folded with a young fellow who recalled how he found he feared dogs ever since he was bit by a short Mexican organ dog. That's a really small and awfully nervous pet people sometimes own. He also added that the physical feeling of an anxiety attack hurts terribly, while certain feeling of 'bad' when it happens. My idea of panic without rational was actually similar.
- I learned a hell of a lot about mental illness here, but not yet having felt any particular guidance about my exact obstructive illness and results for any immediate relief. There were quick adverse changes made between Mom and I afterward, which seemed to aid in my crawl of an intolerable disorder that remained to exist in the years ahead.
- Reality, Parkwood group was unsuccessful and extremely helpful for all that group exposure and gained knowledge. Life changing, for a person who had thoughts of just ending life sooner than having suppose to.



2010 was a better year  
for Parkwood, but what  
happened to em years  
later? All those complaints?

1.

• Mom and I go back & forth over Parkwood's experience, therefore making differing consequential responses. She directed me to understand that this specific learning defined my eyes to be alert & open about what I've went through, whether than expresses so much fear toward it. Nonetheless fear about it may still exist.

• The group in any manner did provide me enough to find that I obviously am not alone. I'd assume the fact that they're to were effected by life issues and debilitating signs of depression. The eldest black lady thought she was being stared at by an individual, thinking he was plotting against her. Paranoia and delusional thoughts over that eventually made her come at his suddenly while attacking him when knocking him to the floor. The other people nearby had informed authorities where she was tied up 'restrained' and sent out of the premises in a strapped stretcher. That was a reasonable explanation besides my case to give her placement at Parkwood in hospitalization.

• Another older white lady cried with bawling tears over how she was neglected and thrown out of her job quarters and position. She said that there was dread of even passing the job's location. This sounded weak and sensitive, than presenting an exact red flag of such depression. These two individuals took hundreds of grams worth on powerful antidepressants.

• The male portion of the group related more toward the effects of alcoholism, than concepts of depression. He did no differ, taking such high doses of these drugs that made him soon laugh uncontrollably over just about anything.



the root for potential improvement in our overall relationship. They made certain to grow me up fast maturely to treat my parent with true courage and the real honor of respect.

I was constantly instructed, while they were persistent when riding my patience to on my case every minute that they extended the lessons to operate on each bad habit, and attitude to fix the source of the behavior. I was extremely childish for my bad confrontive behavior at my parent and learnt that also from her that I was strongly confused about a lot of personal ailments with my parent. That is more than half of what hurt our communication and ability to be near one another. My ignorant mind was adapting from the change or biological transition from teen to the early twenties. My thinking so horribly naïve and lost from many life directions at once. That in a nut shell is some of what lead to source the explanation about the frantic anger that I had developed back then. My parent had to eventually be directed about how to reraise my wellbeing and recreate our relationship from the awful mess up that was atrocious.

There was by chance a long article in the newspaper a few months later describing another similar incident that a mother did exactly what they said and deliberately put her daughter behind bars. Later, which is still hard to believe, from that article, that she actually found the nerve to thank her parent for her actions upon her misconduct. Well, that article was too much for my ability to keep reading even though I'd found myself reading it four times to make sure I had read it correctly. What I had gone through; would have best done her a lot more good than what her parent just did to her without another peep or word sentence wise. Even though my parents as a whole say they're not explicitly strict, I take it as otherwise based on what I already know has happened in the last several years. I understand remorsefully that I am no longer



The assigned therapist with the group one day gave us some composition books and asked us as a group to place our personal thoughts and feelings in them as she withheld extra information that we should not say what we literally think that goes through our head. I did that, because I didn't know the severity of the consequence of what I wrote the first time in this book. She strongly punished me instantly after reading that I was having thoughts of harming my mother again as I've done before I'd was sent there previously. This time, I swore quickly to her that I was just letting out some built up stream in my heart over the many fights she and I had during those days. The therapist didn't fool with my pleas and called to warn my mother of what had been written in that book she'd given us. That wasn't fair, as she only had told us to express our deepest emotional feelings in it, but not that it'll prosecute you in the process of the situation. She had given us double talk than, therefore leaving out careful important detail that I was going to be caught in its trap.

After that incident unfolded, I somehow was allowed to continue my therapy and strict, closely watched rehabilitation. I got trained with new redevelopmental skills and disciplines that were necessary for overcoming all the roughness of the ailment with my parent. Mother was taught how to correct my behavior, and prepare if I had another unexpected hostile episode again in the near future during that era. I felt like I was definitely put into a smaller portion of boot camp with fewer patients or participants in the correction process that took every single element of determination and compassion out of my heart and obligation to continue. The amazing thing is that after days of good, satisfactory behavior, and learnt mental and physical functions; was when I began to heal and recope with myself and reform the connection with my parent in a healthier way. It was possible with new techniques and methods that turn the tides for hope along



of complete strangers who only made threats at me if I ever disobey or say anything that was against their cause and order. Yes, she initially forced me into that place without second thought or a clear decision that was a tad more rational. She was just too upset and distraught that she was just doing anything and saying desperately that she wanted me to be intentionally put away. They tried to talk us down to some sensible level after all the emotional rage and frustration had somewhat passed to a manageable extent. Mom was the most angered one with her act of just wanting to get help immediately at the very second whether than thinking it through. I was losing my mother's rash with my case as they stated, since they're part of the state of how she should have called authorities and depending on them, whether than doing it herself.

They later established a consideration after they realized I didn't exactly fit a potential cause of considering a charge on my record for assault. I pray to this day, since I never had seen what was put on my dictative papers, while I was staying there for over a week by the psychiatrist who set me up with selective arrangements. A legal paper stated for my personal predicament meaning that a large portion of my unalienable rights were taken away. A few of those were that they'd had the right to electrocute me by force if necessary to bring me down to the floor without consciousness, and the option of putting a tight straight jacket on my body at any given time. I was soon put into a preorganized group of both depressed and alcoholic individuals that admitted to be escorted to that facility by state authorities for similar criminal acts of out of control behavior on innocent people or outsiders. That revealed mentally to my grasp that they might have still determined my case to be criminal in nature, whether than being up mainly for emotional therapy and rehabilitation.



My true thorough change that was lasting and overwhelming in my life was the definite of disillusionment. The most enormous shock and debilitating change slammed into my heart and conscious was the in-depth eye opener I've ever experienced. This memory always sends my body into literal shakes when recalling such an impressive situation that I was suddenly placed into. Why I am writing this is because it's difficult to contain this era in my life so deeply inside without letting it seep out of my pores either verbally or on paper. It's a painstaking challenge to intact every word on this paper one step after another in such a slow pace.

This incident happened to cause utter and permanent disillusionment that will just primary, and deliberately last my entire life within my hurt saddened memory of it. When I was once twenty-three, about ten years ago, I physically attacked my mother in her room after chasing her through the house. There was a later episode of a mother and son who was seventeen to had done the same action as ironically I had on Dr. Phil back in 2012. She acted the same day by immediately as an emergent response to send me to the nearest behavioral health hospital in our area. She believed while being so terribly frightened to be even near my personal space or view of sight. She was trembling with terror of how I'd treated her over the last previous days. She marched me into the hands



Mom thinks, words, that she has no expressed value, because I claim almost every situation I was put in, caused a huge upset and emotional pain. I still wonder if she doesn't think I won't attack her. I won't allow myself to place an unconfirmed opinion to that. I will assume, she does one day expect me to suddenly attack her. Oh? Back to Parkwood, I shall go!... fill it in. One thing since then, I make sure I don't lay a hand or foot on her. I am not that ignorant, because that by itself convinced her to haul me there against my feelings of personal choosing. AW!! Does this mean, even after a decade, that this smug institution has "won"? My shaky limbs tremble at the thought.

This has become a senseless strategy to keep my clamped hands at bay. My feet, not my usual method, but the dog got it, like a furry soccer ball. So, I've become verbal, and that appears to still pierce like an arrow without a soul. Actually, the soul has rotted away over those last five years. My verbal hostility remains, attacking at every trigger that reminds me of my traumas. My ill less respected past will come forward and creep into my parent's lives at any time. Shall we say, PTSD, formed as caused by being exposed to Parkwood, period. That at this time, does explain the rehashing on the subject and the fixative reliving of the 'time' over and over again. That speaks of my current state for explanation for depressed symptoms.

Those 'outsiders' just wanted the whole time then to 'lock me up' along with the other patients there. They had no real interest in helping anybody. Drugging them with unhealthy doses of hundreds of miligrams. One of the members of my group, six years later, was concluded dead, by this means, buried in their home state. My mind just went ~~...~~, so how I feel about being a part of it, is hard to word, besides speechlessness.



If not for my own inflicted resulting suicide, it'll be that of the hands of a cold institution, and nothing less. More like enabled killing through potent drugs and unnoticeable neglect. My realization that this is not how to resolve a problem. This makes certain to a possible fact that my spiritual faith had been canned a long while back. Under the nitty-gritty, it ends to say I will love Mom, but if she dies after Grandmother's passing, because of me; that'll reason to set up the ingredient for my suicide. She might as well shoot me dead right there, where I stood. That as she woulded, as the future dictate, than. Why, cause that only ends out as heartless for not just herself, but for me in the long run, or even now. Why should I live? Even when I have to face it, not to be a coward, but never give up to tell the hardest truth about a incident that should not have gone wrong. Fact, that place was dark, not just the people, about my, even though it's blaming, oh she don't who's being heard, brought out, as I won't feel to not speak of it. Yee, I went silent back than, too much fear, that paralyzed my tongue of it, even though the issue is on the tip of it, my disabled tongue or voice. Concerned repetitively as I got, about consequences if I did.

My sadness still wears on, finding no end defined end in sight. I can't over come depressed symptoms that linger, therefore the tone of attitude. Not just mind, but lack of guidance, a mentor, that's genuine, unlike my parents negative side of the flow of words and thoughts. This could increase the depressed symptoms to decimate and dismount me from ever trying or finally becoming hopeless. Support? It doesn't exist, not in my parent, since a long time apparently. For my Mom to give up, that's it. Her action in her words has already written my future, than if I am alive, will perish in an institution. Why am I in College? I am going to be etherized or killed in some form, if not be myself as the cause. What is this?!



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Constant feelings to hate and blame either myself or my Mom's thoughtless involvement out of terror from my crisis due of behavior. Well, I lost it because she had enough! That was the words out of Mom's figuring of my thinking. No, I was just thinking irrationally from not being able to think straight or cognitively clear. Confusion caused fear, panic, pain, than response to do whatever to stop the hurt. I gave in to it, made others suffer and frightened them, but not aware about a super big picture of a wider perception, of why. My age, meaning maturity and lack of understanding about why I was actually going through, and for God's sake what was causing it. I crached, emotional panic, mentally fell apart, unable to answer, on my parents either, but shock and elapsed fear resulting. Later after 'failed' attempt for rehab, I, years later, come back to a doctor desperately.

A lack of a happy life, as I Vouch for. Why on Earth does Mom have any such heart to break about any of it? I ended up forgetting what love really feels like or nurturing. She's going to con me real soon, at the second she feels terror, so she throws me back in the teeth of sharks, assuming I won't get eaten. It might be a little ironic, as my Father will do it, rather than her, this time. My parents, as a unit, have feelings to, so eliminate my presence, and send me to be most certainly destroyed. I'm, I did feel, should be scared about Parkwood, to be hauled again to their stabbing knives. I probably will kill myself if my Mom dies in the way she has said, because it blames me, regardless of the words brought up to be heard, but why I do it; it is to enforce my voice to avoid and reflect on about newness and foolishness. On lack of rational for once show down in difficult times, decision making, because it's me you're talking about and putting into their hands. Why? Does the hands have to be that of hypocrites!?



Am I on, have I already lost friends or people close met over this? Yes, and to some degree, I can't care either, cause it won't matter. Am I sad and depressed in the ditch? yes, as normally, each day. I am in a dark pit that will not, but refuse to entirely crawl out. It's not a soak wet body anymore, but always a cold dark mind set with fear of no hope. I still see myself again getting no job, but another cold place, aside of just my mind, but environment. Institutionalizing is in mind, followed by medical. No future, so God damn kill yourself! Meaning the question ahead, no chance later of hope.

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Parents as somewhat she, my Mom, begins to say her health is not very good, yes due to persistent stress of a mental sick person. The problem of me not healing what so ever for almost just as ever, never that it seemed. That's why I plea about the Therapist advice of seperation; really meaning down the line of soon becoming isolated and personally abandoned. I had no further interaction or social health benefits that appeared to vanish, due to my expressive bouts of anger from edgy triggers. I thought I had turned into a threat to anyone around me, and didn't care if I hurt myself as it occurred. Yes, that's why my Mom thought I might kill her, give time. What the hell! I knew not this second, directly, but during exposure. It was wearing on her, her body, besides her mind, and yet again part of me cared less, except myself. It was some kind of melt-down/break down and than survival mode, regardless of what's around me. Autistic meltdowns in those with 'ASD' or Aspergers commonly have this unimaginable side effect, which can last close to an hour a piece. Overwhelmed by uncontrolled emotion that it completely debilitates upon behavior. The description fits slightly and unfairly better than the one for the case of PMDD.

Any ailment possibly of PMDD lets say, would make my neurological condition a lot worse than before. Maybe, enhances the symptoms to the max. The sensitizing is already, including chemicals, extreme and unnatural for existing. I am honestly abnormal with a under developed brain, certainly for my age. My neurological condition should be brought out about it, than avoided, like a negative image on my forehead to judge me before anyone knew me. Bring it out like a laser pointer about my other identity, besides what people see when they lay their eyes on me. If it results in loss of friends or anymore interaction, I can't help their decisions.



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I was a terrible bitch with 3 instances of concentrated cycles ruining my quality of life and interaction with any possible relationships of parents, outsiders, or even yourself, I mean maybe myself, who's miserable after the course of the condition. The 3 times was through each moment of the month, except probably 1 week. My mind went out of it, to the verge of tipping insanity. No psychological medicines too often to attempt correction or stabilizing this on going problem. Yes, I was so depressed that suicide was an option on my mind as how to escape all the constant unaided pain and needed help. I hurt utterly near the wrap of every day very often without much relief. Even all that screaming, never did any good, but more than I know, increased guilt for hostility and inability to control myself.



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# Hate the Inner Pain Caused by Falsely Advertised, Behavioral Health Place :'-(



JENNIFER ANNONA EDGERTON · WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 2019 · 3 MINUTES

Is feeling fed up. 22 mins ·

I had a meltdown this morning with Mom about the ailment left subject of Parkwood and the lacking of present angels watching over me during that period I spent within that institution. I argued that I've felt no presence of any angels being over my shoulders while I was admitted there.

I also argued that I didn't feel as if I had learnt anything other than how terrible that placed ended up being on my spirit and sanity thereafter. It was destructive enough to damage my mentality even farther as it caused a certain amount of PTSD possibly. The mere flashbacks of the place causes me to shiver, and resent the treatment as no more than a probable failure. I feel automatically frightened of the thought of how upsetting the place leaves a painful image in my thought reflection of it.

My Mom complained that it was hard to hear me fuss about it's effects on my well being and having not learnt anything, but how it feels to be insulted to preexisting injury. Not only did it seem to effect my mind, but it took my interest to do anything, but sink into a deep state of depression for a few years. That made me unable to get out and do things or activities or continue work training for a future employment. I had to start over after five years of being personally traumatized by the place's god awful experience. Regardless of it being about a week and a half in length tending the location, I was poorly treated and neglected with unwanted mental results down the road.

I claimed that the place was naughtily run by the Devil and his demons 'fallen angel's 'angels'. Locations on earth are fun by this evil influence and will be an unending force showing true difficulty for this culture and society to overcome or prevent from harming more average citizen's lives, like myself. I shouldn't said I was forced to give up faith over the existence of angels in our lives, but there, they obviously did not exist or how their position as nearby. Angels may have purposely avoided getting close to a place like that, because it is derived from mainly bad, careless mishandling of any person 'patient' who tends there at any time. Also as I found a person explain, the patients or visitors are threatened to immediately loose use of every human and personal right, and told that authorities 'police are needed' to create a criminal report on each situation 'case'. All of which, rights are forcefully compromised quickly, resulting in lock up or you being 'like me' placed in a group full of criminally 'dangerous' charged individuals in for therapy.

Since than, I still feel a human right to have crying feelings 'emotionally' about this circumstance in my life, after even just ten years. Flashbacks feel too real and hurt to say otherwise in any differ language 'sincerely'.

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Parkwood has damaged 'poisoned' my mind & it's disrupted my psychological producibility. This is the inexcusable response I have experienced 'learnt' from this place with it's so called claim of practical treatment, which is pathetic.

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I did not need to go there to learn 'from' it 'the institution' & 'low paid staff' through explicit bullying and emotional suffering, causing it to become horrid and miserable, instead of any form of rational care & proper treatment for any average citizen who's mind does matter.



or resolve the situation. My actions towards the pet meant that it must leave me alone, allow me to associate with my family, and live in the house as an equal. ....

Of course, that never worked and never got anywhere, it just as usual got worse. It seemed to make the pet temporarily abject to it, but soon returned to its original ways. I wished the pet would stop torturing me to the ground which was becoming too unbearable. Yeah, compared to school, that was the worse bully I've ever met! Torturing me without mercy over my social rank with my family and being with my family or even near them. So much, trying to drive me scared out of my home and away from my family altogether. The dominating over everything, like a dictator getting only for what they want as a result, leaving everyone else in the dust, in that case. The strong possession and domination of everything, living space, furniture, family, and the house entirely, as if the whole house and those they wanted belonged to them. So, I guess those toys weren't enough was it, or the miniature pet bed either, just no satisfaction about anything, just hunger so to speak for more and more. Wake up! The pet was becoming out of control and dangerous, ever since it turned ten, it started forming these elusive behaviors. The pet had always had a form of or certain degree of aggression, being brought up at a puppy mill, which is the worse place for a pet I've heard to be at before being bought by any owner, that they're going have unwanted behaviors. When the pet started biting, I truly don't understand why you or her, didn't doing anything about it, why was that behavior tolerated so much!? That was harshly painful and wasn't put under control so I would be less fearful and know things were under control or managed properly. I feel as if you let it abuse me and didn't take care of the situation, which is why I was so traumatized by it. It just plainly became an environmental hazard for me, which seemed a long time that it won't ever let up or decrease to be the case. ....

It became so much under unbearable pressure, it caused me to get sick, bleed from wounds, run high fever, and raised my blood pressure, which also caused a horrible amount to stress and pain for me. Well, thanks, I am glad you and her finally moved the pet to another location. At least I am not harassed by it anymore or have to endure all the miserable and unhealthy situation. I still believe that's what set off my menorrhagia, which I had to get a endometrial ablation for, than later since my ovaries got rattled and shocked, had to go through major depression that lasted for at least eight months without a break. Now, I am under constant treatment for this circumstance, ever since I went to the behavioral hospital as an out-patient member for a while that included counseling and medicine, regular therapy, and thus far, it's been similar, only this time it's a oral regimen therapy instead unlike that, instead of mind or mood altering medicine. I have tried two kinds of mixes for that, and I believe I'm gonna use the second one that just makes me highly fatigued and drowsy meaning I sleep excessively on those. <sup>thing</sup> Nothing personally that they're only compatible ones that don't have side effects that cause me to become anything, but negative towards my parents and myself.



children alone or supervise the situation. The pet was mad at me because it wanted everything above me, to have superior status in the home as to what it gains and get from the family, so it was preventing me from living in a stable environment and keeping me away from my family or having anything, cause the pet will take advantage of it and take whatever it is away from me. There wasn't hardly a day that the pet didn't show sort form of aggression, rather it was playing or not, mostly towards me. I know I was always out at school every day or doing something outside of the home, so most of the time, I didn't have time to socialize with the pet or allow it to really get to know me well. The pet was kept inside and permitted from the outside world, never much around other people or other pets, no extra social activities. ....

It was and got scary that the fact the pet became paranoid and fearful of living in its own environment and had to be around just certain people, mainly one or two at the max. I also notice that the pet developed bad habits or clawing the base board of the wall, licking the carpet, and digging into the floor or just about anything else, and even chewing on itself, either a foot or a tail, until the fur was eat off of it which could have been bad nerves or anxieties. Oh, the pet would always shake all the time associating with bad nerves or anxieties. One thing's for sure, the pet was very unhappy and uncomfortable in its environment. The pet was unmanageable, unpredictable, and uncontrollable, mainly when I was around that is as if the pet was determined to overpower me or show that it was alpha and I was nothing at all in terms of who show be dealing with it or who is the boss of any situation, as I am grown, I knew that was wrong. I knew that nothing was being done about it and as a result, it was just only getting worse. It was not me that hurt it, it was it hurting me and that really shouldn't be the factor to that issue cause the pet had gained complete alpha social status and domination over the family and I couldn't even put a dent in that issue. The pet never listened to me, was extremely stubborn when told to do something or to obey. I have read that was because of the strong alpha status in the family they have over me, it was as if, the pet was suddenly telling me what to do, and that's isn't what should be occurring. You can't just pick it up or move it, as the pet only gets the upper hand in everything and makes me look small making me feel like I am in woods or in dark about how to manage the situation. I wasn't trying to be mean, I was trying to stop the pet from being this way and ending up torturing me as a result of all this which only meant that the situation was out of control and unwanted. ....

... I felt that as you don't like the thought of it, kicking a pet is keeping the rest of yourself away from it like the hands and the face from the pet's grasp, any of the softer parts of the body that is exposed. I just felt like there was no choice, I had to do it, or get badly hurt in the future as I saw it, like I was going to become the pets' unfortunate victim like most children as I am ended up becoming as a result of doing nothing about it. I was angry and frightened at the pet at the same time, mostly angry about how it treated me, how it was keeping me from eating, keeping me from my family, and from living in a stable home that could have been safe, cause it was very insecure and harsh all the time, the pet was always on edge and always threatening to attack me every day and I have just got fed up with it, I wouldn't go around tolerating it anymore. About that, I never walk away, I handle it, or I would be saying good bye to my life possibly. If you were in my shoes, I know you would understand more, I am sure. Though even afterwards, there was no answer in sight about how to further handle



## **.dog story'**

February 21, 2012 at 2:37pm

### **Our Dog! -past > It was a Pekingese 'female black/white'**

\*side cliff note\* -This happened just the the last few years I had to deal with this dog since 2007-2008. Simple the last couple of years before we moved. I have felt very resentful and heart broken that this dog changed so abruptly before she was the dog I've knew best and remembered most. In otherwords, this pet I've enjoyed and gotten along with changed and became a dog I personally didn't know and understand anymore. She as I've noted became very territorial and showed dominance over everything cause she was raised very freely to take over the house and everything she had, even my own parents making it hard to interact with them at that time. I am stating in this story that it all finally got out of control or hand from being manged anymore. This today makes me feel sad and honestly, I believe as I've been told or informed; that this dog had gotten a lot better and more settled with less of these issues being present with my grandmother. At that time, since she went to my grandmother, that was hard to for me to process or believe around the year of 2009. Now, I'm just having dreams either of remembrance of her or fearing she could return, and yes I was definitely and realistically since those last few years.. truly terrified of her for life which is why I am also having a phobia of dogs from now on since than. It'd cause as a result of depressing memories, either a panic attack or maybe me simple passing out of a rapid heart rate which was common since than also.-

I tried to teach or punish the pet not to dominate the house, living space, and for mistreating me just because I was at the bottom of the social rank in their eyes compared to the rest of the family. The pet was jealous of me being given any attention, food, or care of any sort which the pet only wanted for themselves, very greedy in that way. The pet gained functional dominance or power over everything because it was never corrected or told right from wrong, guided, or controlled at all. It was as if the pet was free to do what it wanted and can get away with it type of situation. The pet didn't even want me to live in the same home with the family or socialize as that made the pet angry or anxious depending. I have read that many times it's the child that gets mistreated because they are at the bottom of the social rank in a pet's eyes or view point. So, technically the pet doesn't even care how it treats me or have any feelings concerning it. The pet just never got taught not to bully me if you're wondering, who was bullied, pushed around by, and hurt everyday by. It wasn't me who wanted this, I wanted to be nice to it in the beginning, but after just a few weeks after it was bought, it started acting very aggressively to other people, other pets, and me cause I lived there. ....

Well I was bit, snapped at, growled at, and more which are red flags or warning signs that is suggesting that there is something wrong with the pet and that it won't socialize with certain family members. I tried to encourage the idea that you or her as part of a family should do something about it, but all I ever got from it was excuses and being blamed for pettiness due to what I may have been like as child, and hey, these pets aren't not suppose to be around



Jan. 14th 2019

7

I can't go on with an atrocious, dismantling attitude, when believing I will continue to debilitate and deteriorate. I wanted to live while managing each day. With a fearful reflection of hospitalization and people, my personality is becoming more worthless and non-existent, blind and lost. Hopelessness consumes every nerve ending and muscle. Every tendon and joint degrade, because I won't exercise or interact with, but yell and cry at my parents. Not exercise, was originally to avoid any gained strength, to keep myself hopelessly and by goal or aim to release Mom from being shoved, punched, beat or hit by my hands or feet. The unworthy and angry muscles at that poor, weak old woman who's now nearly 70 years old. I don't want to keep living again with myself after physically laying an evil hand on her body to harm or injure. So, no excessed exercise, resulted in retained body weight and belly blood. Out of shape and thank God I saved her from my strength I'd once had. I'd rather be a virtual weakling, than be defined as a dangerous individual. I call myself a chicken, for rash means, having be fearful for such a lengthy time. I figured it, my Dad thought I might impulsively 'punch,' having a gripped fist, at Mom, even though my mind had yet to visualize the action as that. As Dave said, he's been real scared of my mood losses and unsuspected attacks that appear to happen so fast. No wonder, that Psycho type mind doctor got panicked when a trembling 60 yr old come in for a scheduled appointment in Germantown. He did call the police, and she got tied up and escorted to Lake Side.



Jan 14th, 2019

6.

I solely wish that was statements from being mad, or released steam, whether than urgently serious non-joking quotes. My single, small family will ultimately be dismembered and dysfunctional thereafter. We, once I've thought, needed help and counselling treatment, easier, that never worked. Offering a church ran system to attend might be a perceptive option, but quality personalization is still needed. The Landings, at Lakeside, kind of this idea, humanification. My own philosophy is that my attitude won't improve, until I am properly treated for and cured; to feel better and the mood will follow. Knowing any inkling from Health was to define those terms, I've thought.

If I carry forward my choice to do the regime again, both control to regulate, dissuading tasks been redone so often, to ensure my condition will be improve to aid me to rehabilitate from heartless attitude to prosperous person. Think Kate Woods, the physically now obviously dead, hypochondriac, and constantly personality change from up 'extreme' to down 'extreme' to neutral minded. When I saw her, I did also question this woman's sudden unpredictable eruption or unsuspected episode. A man, yeah, a male young adult, at age 27, was diagnosed with bi-polar delinquencies and this is another expressed reason I could be myself and not entirely had confirmed it. Once my hormones, to get by, were blamed as the caused explanation, but now it's just happening at my old time. Not to say 'misdiagnosed' but to get it right. Do I hear voices, sounds or words, not sentences are only thorough paragraph, maybe due to that remaining to my thoughts, instead of hearing any other thing that's not there. Please deliver me from the hospital of the ILL & sick.



Jan, 14th, 2019

5.

As I've said, about yesterday, Mom 'attempted' to condemn and treat my behavior with a negligent talant, which is not what a mentally 'developed' ill person needs to settle the temperament. Personally, my temperament sounded more of fear, whether than rage. I wondered if that Pamprom 'diuretic', yes I should not take orally of medicine without a doctor's knowing or guidance. I'd bet that stuff made me unpredictably aggressive, actually over nothing 'that' recently important. At the moment, I unreasonably call any thought I bring up to be awfully irrationally serious, and honestly later, not necessarily true. Not that serious to speak of now, maybe could've waited until a more decent time. It's like I want or beg for needless gradification to know or talk 'always' anxiously uncontrolled' manic symptoms, like bi-polar only to regardless, became a shift into a complete breakdown or lengthy anxiety attack. I still can't entirely stop or halt the wrathful symptoms, ending out to surrender to it almost every time it inflicts me.

Mania has been a trend, so asking for rehabilitating treating is not a weakness observed, but a tension to consider being only responsible for. I can't live with attacking my parents for what ever the mental anomaly is. Another portion as I've told, was reliving the cases described through obsessive flashbacks. I have inherently tried warning my parents that there's a chance I could become (get absolutely worse). They really can't have an only child, daughter, lose their mind. I wanted to keep this relationship alive, but they're slowly dying because of me, as they keep telling me repeatedly, which is really only making me become more shameful 'brought down' and want to give up!



Jan, 14th, 2019

4.

The national administration passed a bill that informs upon women that birth control isn't covered by insurance, signed by the president to be approved for law. So, that automatically limits my chances for 'paid' treatment. Out of - pocket, than, or 12 dollars per round of 3 months per pack. Why is this a concern? Well, I use or had used those for 'the 28-day version' to re-regulate the monstrous chemicals, I've said about. Why can't, since 2016, this was brought up, and that insurance didn't cover the specialist doctor. That's another way I dragged through also. I feel, there's a growing issue that I could be forming a 'threat' to my parents' survival. They can't keep just intermittently tolerating my bullshit. Some idiot on the television, said no one can overcome the effects of addiction, well what am I? Through training, myself, will go so far, the limit is, the real probable cause of the problem 'still exist' and I have an enlisted Failed treatment from my former doctor. Further rehab of some type, because I could get out of hand and completely unmanageable. I fear if I turn violent, I automatically should not be tending open college. A given is, I need help! and I fear my case could turn, turn into another ignored crisis.

My personality, I feel doesn't seem to define itself, passed depression and being in a 'long dark pit' that tough to get out of. I can't handle people happy or have found happiness. In December, Youth Villages announced that the concept of depression is very serious and requires treatment without consent of the individual. I'm not voluntary, unlike what people demand I should be. I had felt forced, always forced against willfulness, to have myself to rehab or mental institutions, providedly run by the State.



Jan. 14th, 2019

3.

I am aware of my mental delay, but that shall not excuse any mishap of acting like a child throwing a first glopped temper tantrum, even though some autism ignorant people call it a meltdown; cause if that was, I would have some alertness to anything being auditory at or on me or I wouldn't have answered toward that. As it frights due to seeing repetitively a woman get killed in a mental hospital; as that ailment that's NOT controlled or held down to be at heel, will soon eventually again 'honed' be positioned back in one and die in one, just as she did, myself. Her fate could dictate my ahead future. Yes, in pure fright, I can't think too clearly, but what her last moments were are very clear. Two staff were put on leave, more likely, whether than fired. One of the lady's daughters was originally told her Mom had slipped in a shower 'bathroom' and died? Lacking obscured questionable information hid through lies to cover their lack of treatment or tending to long over night before death. Unlike that particular event, I swear to Mom that I did see terrible unworldly sights of people at the hospital I was sent to alone, besides the severity of what I soon began to visualize from internet sources. I admit I saw just people over medicated in stuck confinement to chairs and wheeled chairs to aid preventive of any escape. The electric door, if any touched unknowingly, shocked me mentally at hearing about it, of how those would be in a state, worse than being tugged; being beliberately electrocuted. Heck! That constant exposure wasn't too good for my mind or any person's intellect, even at an immature twenty-three yrs old. In perceived feeling, it could be that I just fear my parents next action to do with me. I know I could stand another round of hospitalization; but contradiction will come and I can't argue!



Jan. 14th, 2019

2.

I should not have been literally shaking my fist at, what it looks like, sense my parents don't know, and stand as if I couldn't bear to sit over it or as if making me look like I was standing over them. I might of 'Lost it', but I thought I was Reliving my illness and experience of it's dictative cause on my body and mind for so many years without help or treatment. Ashamed, I guess I would be to never know my twenties in a healthy way, other than mercy and suffering. My parent can't realize how much 'Pain' in that instance I was in. Like the dog, I got blamed as if it was just all my fault and that I was slowing killing them, so much of that being worded to my face; so unhealthily, until I got to ask my doctor about that again. Now I need, I suppose, re-abilitation, as I can't feel well or yes, shameful, again, once more, about living with my abrasive and appearingly aggressive verbal or maybe 'dreaded' like Dad does, physical violent behavior ahead.

It could be, my parents could possibly be scared in reality, besides spoken to me, of me and what I'm capable of. Why can't the noble police be informed?

That right there could predictively be a portion of what's setting off or 'triggering' my responsive behavior that's terribly inappropriate and immediately shamed at notice of behavioral actions. This consequence is getting ridiculously old! If, the situation is really getting or becoming an ailment in itself.



Jan. 14th, 2019

1.

Mom kept directly 'Looking at my face' telling me that my behavioral ailment cliv had previously, what I thought she meant, of my case causing her to become 'ill and unhealth' making her concern for 'her' life over stress from ailment that looked persistent of "my uncontrollable acted-out hostility and mood swings, Mom thinks was a dysfunctional attitude, "Hardly!" I was my "shot! hormones, because nothing makes sense if anyone tried to 'explain' my problem. Hormones remain inflamed, cause I doubt I'd ever healed properly. I Comed Fix my attitude, if something, the source, is 'Out' of my hands, broken organs or whatever those are. Only a physician 'doctor' can Fix it, not always as me. I wished Mom quick stating that I'm the predicament at the problem; I thought from my record; was the ever existing taint of my 'imbalance', not resolved. If my chemicals are still inflamed, I need help. I know it's not reasonable to say I can fix, behavioral ailment on my own, because it's some medicating to do it, if several attempts are necessary to keep re-regulating my "stubborn" system. What I'm saying, I don't feel it's sensible to make me get ahold of a problem that actually still out of my hands, without a doctor's care or rehabilitation. I am certain far from being well, as being behaviorally 'difficult' is horrid in itself toward others at any time.

At some early beginnings, I guessed from a durational event; that my eldest drug Prozac 'generic' may have caused the developed unwanted disorder. I already have ENOUGH disorders to list, that's NOT physical, except my brain, I have "extreme anxiety" and "momentary depression", to mention a few.



Jan. 14th, 2019

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Yesterday, night, I had an acted out meltdown, as I was directly told not to make fist with my hands and appearing to stand over my parents. I wasn't mentally including my parents in my head, but my behavior said otherwise. I was also crying over an argument of my behavioral past allment verses my Dad's back story. I personally sworn, view as I saw it, to be just as bad depending on how the ailment is discussed. I got mad over that, and also as I've been elaborating before, the incident of when I got "personally misguided" into 'put' a mental hospital who did not show any respect or humanity to me ever since I've become there's.

I saw how a mother 'woman' from "Australia" was pronounced dead after being placed into a solitary confinement, dark room, naked, while falling and then in the morning allowed to walk down an empty hall for hours until she collapsed unresponsive. There was word of how she had been covered in her own feces. I craved, taking the issue that the so called "new" claimed as they'd shown happened to her without entirely explaining why the scene turned out or occurred at the end. Too many gray areas in information was missing. Because of that, parents said it could've been staged. Given info made it hard to believe or consider as assumed fact. I feared unbearably imagining, did NOT want to end up nonetheless, like her in the video scene. People claimed 'responses if any' thought this appeared horrific and unfathomable to accept.